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The romance of religion

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The Romance of Religion

BY
LEWIS THURBER GUILD

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by Unity Library

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FOREWORD

I SUPPOSE that all preachers are sometime "given leave to print" by enthusiastic hearers, desirous of having some congenial utterance in permanent form. This experience likewise has been mine. The request may not have been wise, the response may be unwise, but I have yielded to the pleasant urging, and here are some of the interpretations of that gospel which it has been my joy to utter. There is little herein which claims absolute originality, for I have diligently gathered both pollen and nectar from many cups and broad fields. I too "am a part of all I have met." If either comb or honey is useful to my fellow-men, I am glad.

LEWIS THURBER GUILD.

Los Angeles, California.

THE ROMANCE OF RELIGION

What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter.—*John* 13. 7.

WE are naturally lovers, therefore romance is essential to real living. Romance makes this a wonder world to the child, glorifies for youth the plain face and heavy tasks; takes from middle life the irksomeness of toil, smoothes the wrinkles from aged brows, and through life makes common things glow with "the light that never was on land or sea." Romance contains mystery, surprise, wonder, adventure, all blending with love.

Life is never static. Thrilling experiences leap unexpectedly from the womb of an event, meet as we turn a corner. But the experiences involving religion always carry potentialities for emotion.

The incident from which this text is taken, like many others in the life of our Lord, is rich in feeling, deep in meaning. He has washed the dusty feet of the disciples who are confused by the act. "Knowing that he came from God and that he went to God," between the upper and nether pressure of eternities, he radiates mystery and love; the disciples tingle with

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wonder, surprise, and are thrilled with the awe of overshadowing adventure.

Religion always has its romance. Religion is the response to the fact of God, the consciousness of unseen realities. Mystic experiences are inseparable from it. These men felt that this act was beyond them; they were conscious of something abnormal, overwhelming in their Teacher and Friend in this sacramental hour. His words gave no explanation, but left the incident to shine in the glow of its own romance.

Great deeds often spring from emotions, and no emotions surpass those aroused by contact with Jesus. It has been the well-spring of more sacrifices than any other passion. Attachment to him is now, nearly twenty centuries after his departure, the chief motive in the life of millions; "Whom, not having seen, we love," performing the most private acts with a view to his approval.

Religion is the normal function of life. Its expression varies; rites and creeds and theologies are as diverse as life forms in nature, but the root is the same. The rational mind is naturally religious, and religion can never perish from the earth. Compare it with music, another function of the soul. If every musical instrument were destroyed, if every scroll

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inscribed with the mystic notes were burned, if every musician were put to death, music would come back to earth; it is the product of the soul responding to the facts of harmony.

Soul life cannot be analyzed; it cannot be mapped out with a Gunter's chain, dissected with scalpel, weighed with balances, for it is of the unseen. It involves romance as it does reason. Human hearts must love as minds must think.

These words of Jesus reveal the romance of religion. The mystery of him fascinates the disciples with increasing power. Mystery characterizes romance. The mind loves to be teased; it will follow down labyrinthine mazes in hot pursuit, and, however long the trail, it never loses zest, unless the mystery is fathomed.

The most familiar aspects of romance are involved in the relation of the sexes. "All the world loves a lover." About it a great literature has grown up. There are few who do not feel interest in love stories. In them, mystery centers in the woman ("womb-man"), who carries unborn life within her, and whose charming subtleties no man ever fathoms. The gray fathers of our race recognized this, and garbed the woman in a robe as they clothed the priests who ministered in religion's mysteries. To profane her, the shrine of life, by

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exposing that sacred body to the gaze of the curious or the lewd, degrades her, and, degrading her, degrades the race. God pity the man for whom woman is no longer a mystery; to whom she is no longer sacred. He is far on the road to outer darkness, where the sated mind finds no more pleasure and where happiness is unknown.

Romance binds man to toil and subjects woman to pain that the child may live and life be produced.

The surprise always in romance, is here. This act of Jesus was a startling thing to his disciples. It was surprise that made our childish hearts leap at the giant and fairy tales, the hero deeds which delighted us; it still functions in the innumerable tales which pour forth from the press. The device is stale, but still it does not fail, and the magazine holds multitudes of its readers through the surprises of romantic narratives, despite the "Continued-in-our-next" legend, while motion picture "heroes" and "heroines" hold their public through innumerable series of impossible deeds by playing up the surprises. When the human mind no longer thrills to surprise it begins to petrify in death.

The adventure of romance is here. In the upper chamber they thrilled with apprehension;

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some tremendous adventure was impending. Adventure gives history its charm and removes the love story from the commonplace. The mind loves the excitement of danger. This is the zest of boyhood. Without the frequent risks of limb and life, without the flavor of perils (real or imagined) youth would be insipid. Mothers may strive never so ardently to keep their young sons from danger, even to sissification, but youth without its element of adventure would be scarcely worth while, and a kind Providence never ceases to protect, for the most part, bringing them safely through.

A wise man said, "England was made great, not by her statesmen, but by her adventurers." The Raleighs, Drakes, Frobishers, John Smiths; yes, the Cromwells, Bunyans, Wesleys, the adventurers in war, theology, in politics, in literature—these made her great. Risk, sacrifice, danger, hardship—these are the king-makers and carry the glory of adventure into the romance of life. He who has ceased to thrill at adventure has become aged in mind. He who lives ever on the verge of discovery and dares to thrust out into unknown seas, trusting to God and the eternal goal, may grow white of hair, but his spirit is forever young. And religion opens before the soul of

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man forever the Great Adventure; not death, that is but the door to it. The Great Adventure is to go on and on in wisdom and the knowledge of the riches in Jesus Christ.

Of course romance signifies to most minds love; romance is love. It grips the youth and leads both sexes to smile at poverty, to rejoice in toil, to bear each other's weaknesses. While the woman grows old and bent, her fingers knotted with toil, her brow wrinkled, love puts a song upon her lips and makes a sacrament of the midnight toil on little garments. Love throws a glamour over life and takes from the lovers' vision the gray hairs, the crooked form, and when "death does them part" love reaches through the barriers and by faith still enfolds its own.

Were I to christen this age and give it a name, I would not call it, as would some, the electrical age, nor yet age of machinery. It is not the golden age, nor silver age, nor is it as other some would say, the age of clay, nor the age of pleasure. It is the age of Romance.

Never such glory of the impossible, daily achieved. The marvel of discoveries, of inventions, of new things is a platitude. In childhood I was forbidden to read Jules Verne's "wild" romances, but actual performances of our day dwarf the Frenchman's exuberant

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imaginings. No giant of nursery tale ever performed feats half so thrilling as the great achievements of individuals now recorded daily.

Along with this the ancient sources of romance are still open. The splendor of conjugal love, of filial love, the adventure of rearing a family, with the daily surprises of their developing personalities, are yet accessible. If the geographies are completed, still myriads of avenues of exploration are open and mysteries yet unfathomed yawn before the daring spirit in the world of romance.

For it is a world of romance; the reason we do not discover its glory is because our eyes are holden. There were never men so hungry for gold as the Spaniards. They declared to the Aztec emperor, "We have a fever in our hearts which only gold can cure." They ravished Peru, Mexico—a continent. Yet they long possessed the wonderful gold fields of California, where gold lay in river beds and open seams and crevices of the rocks, and they missed it entirely.

It is easy to miss the great things. I see a hunter, with coon-skin cap, long-barreled flint-lock rifle, squirrels hanging at his belt. It is a February day; snow is melting into slush in the Kentucky woods. He comes to the road

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which winds through the forest as a traveler rides by on a mud-bespattered horse. They pause and talk together, the rider throwing his leg over the saddle horn to sit at ease, the hunter leaning on the long gun. The traveler has been to the country town, and has things to tell of Napoleon and doings overseas; of great issues between nations and what the politicians are doing at the nation's capital. As he swings into his saddle to take up his journey he says, "Anything new in these regions?" The hunter shoulders his rifle and says: "Nothin' at all, nothin' at all, 'cept for a new baby down to Tom Lincoln's cabin. Nothin' ever happens out here."

Thus was it in Bethlehem; when as George MacDonald says:

"They were all looking for a king
To slay their foes and lift them high;
Thou camest, a little baby thing
That madest a woman cry."

Romance glows on every bush, kindles in every corner, for the mystery of life, the adventure of God's purposes unfolding, the surprises of events and of developing souls and the glory of love are always here. Beyond this lies the constant wonder of progress with its challenge of the subdual of the vast tracts

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in human nature and affairs which have not yet been brought under authority.

No tale of romance surpasses the development of mechanical power, and this too blends with religion. Within a century the physical powers at man's control have multiplied again and again, increasing more than in all time before. It is now reckoned that the mechanical power at our disposal averages thirty slaves, thirty man-power, for every human being. Man has thrust his hands among the titanic forces of nature, seizing and enslaving them to do his bidding at menial tasks or worthy enterprise.

This marvelous development of power sometimes threatens to repeat the old fairy tale of the genii released from the bottle. The World War with its horrible waste of wealth and of life reveals to what destruction these released forces may be put. We are warned that there have been created new explosives, so terrible that one small aeroplane can carry sufficient to destroy the city of London, blotting out all buildings and life therein. The most dreadful fact is that with full knowledge of this truth, the "civilized" nations do not seem wholly free from the inclination to plunge into another war.

"What's wrong with the world?" asked

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Gilbert Chesterton, and Owen Wister stirred us in a magazine article upon "The Pentecost of Calamity." We know the menace, but seem to move helplessly toward the abyss, into which all that we value on earth seems destined to plunge. The thing that's wrong with the world is this: while we have developed such marvelous physical power we have not grown souls equal to wielding it. We have grown spiritually and morally, but not as rapidly as we have grown physically; we have not spiritual control over the physical power we possess.

The human race, conceived as a personality of which each individual is but a cell, has become a colossus. His arms encircle the planet; his ears hear whispers a hemisphere distant; his strength is sufficient to bring down the temple of civilization in ruins. Alas! in the undisciplined, unspiritualized power he may do exactly this thing. With the tremendous body of a Titan, like a child he lacks self-control.

A widely quoted periodical states that the examination of American soldiers showed that the average American adult possesses a mentality of fourteen years. If this be true with America, what can the average be for the world? And it takes all races, all peoples to

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constitute humanity. With the average individual possessing the thirty-slash power and our race possessing the knowledge of destructive forces, but with the heart yet unregenerate, we rush toward the abyss. Out of the human heart proceed the storms which would wreck the world. If our own flag is ever blown into tatters, it will be by the gales which blow from that dark cavern. Here is a call to achievement, adventure; to solve mystery; to meet surprise, to fall into a delirium of love: it is ours to spiritualize this Titan called humanity, to bring his acts, his thinking into harmony with God; to bring him under the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus and thus actually to save the world.

Religion has other romances than this. The seeker after God, the explorer for reality, whether he be astronomer, biologist, geologist, theologian, philosopher, learns that nothing pertaining to life is static. Truth is not static; love is not static; religion is not static. These things belong to life and must progress. Constantly there must be new adjustment. Creation goes on through vital forces and new institutions; new responsibilities continually arise.

The social order is yet crude with the qualities of a new world. Humanity's low-grade

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refinement falls far short of the conduct which we all recognize as our bounden duty, our safety. The soul which will devote itself to exploration, to leadership, to the effort to bring mankind into right social relations may live in romance which does not fade or sate the mind or heart.

The crude forces of the cosmos are to be subdued; the hearts of men, their activities, their plans, their methods are to be brought under spiritual direction. It has been said that great wars were often won by discovery of a new weapon. The Roman short sword, the English long bow, gunpowder, the "tank" helped win great wars. So Jesus of Nazareth, declaring that he aims at world conquest, gave us a new weapon, and challenged the universe. His weapon is love. The cross is its symbol: "By this sign conquer" means to win, to subdue the Titan by love. And herein lies romance and adventure surpassing all others known to man.

It was this appeal of Romance which gripped David Livingstone when Robert Moffat said, "I will take you to a hilltop whence you can see the smoke from a thousand villages, in not one of which the gospel of Christ has been preached." Having entered upon this adventure, Livingstone followed it through

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the years, tracing a cross on the Dark Continent, much of which was red from his weary feet. It never palled upon him: "in journeyings, . . . in perils of rivers, . . . in perils of robbers, . . . in perils in the wilderness, . . . in labor and travail, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, . . . in cold and nakedness," until he died upon his knees in prayer for the degraded and ignorant savages of Africa. Nor did that romance end here. Burying the heart there where he died, the faithful black men whom he had taught of Jesus, dried the body, wrapped it in bark, slung it upon a pole, and carried it through pathless forests fifteen hundred miles to the sea, where lay a British vessel. Delivering the sacred charge to the captain, these black men tarried not, but turned again on their long trek back to where he fell, disappearing into the bush with sobs and tears. And the traveler who visits in Westminster Abbey, shrine of the Anglo-Saxon heroes, stands with reverence at the tomb where sleep the ashes of the resolute apostle of Africa whose motto was, "Anywhere, so it be forward."

No quest of adventure, no quest of chivalry ever surpassed in romantic lure the zeal of those who went forth through jungle and over burning plains to take the gospel to the

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degraded of alien races. Within three years past, four hundred and twenty-eight of the graduates of our own Methodist colleges left the allurements of leadership in the homeland, the comforts of home, the luxuries of prosperity, to lose themselves by "China's Sorrow," by the Ganges' flood, by "Indus' wave."

No voyagers for Golden Fleece, no explorers of uncharted seas faced greater uncertainties. None could tell if they should crash upon dreaded shoals, shifting banks, or lie dead becalmed in stale and stagnant civilizations. None could know if they would sail into storms, meeting wreck and loss, and perhaps untimely death, and forfeit even the pale satisfaction of being remembered as fallen in foreign service.

But these adventurers also had other chance, chance well worth while. The unknown seas upon which they sail might give them opportunities of rescue where sinking civilizations are to be plucked from the abyss. The succor they give, unasked and joyfully—of mighty service to needy souls will bring, not only the grateful appreciation of generations yet unborn, but the discovery of a deeper brotherhood than had been known between men of white, of yellow, of brown skins.

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The study of truth, the search for truth, the constant breaking forth of new light, the new revelations of Christ's personality, discovery of new relationships keep us constantly thrilled. The religious life is never tame. We have learned that truths never contradict each other and the ancient barrier between natural and supernatural seems about to disappear. Surprises constantly break upon us; new headlands are discovered, new possibilities of service and therefore of happiness, are ours.

This fact of constant change revolutionizes, and, unless vision be indeed clear, confuses. Time was when the energies of the church were absorbed in securing the conversion of individuals; the emphasis was upon personal experience. Gradually, almost unconsciously, the Christian community found itself thrust into new efforts. Christian individuals must produce a Christian social order; evils of government must be cured; justice must be established in social relations. Institutions, practices which could not stand the test of Christ's presence must disappear. Slavery was ended, polygamy abolished (save some lingering traces of the tandem variety), the lottery swept out of existence and the saloon annihilated.

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Beyond this too Christianity has moved on. In our missions we originally sought the conversion of individuals; now we find our work to be the establishment of homes, schools, hospitals. We must build, not alone individual character, but civilizations, and this entire complex achievement is the expansion, the service of Jesus the Nazarene, who is the world's only hope in this day of menace, of threatened chaos.

"I know a soul that is steeped in sin
That no man's art can cure,
But I know a name, a name, a name
That can make that soul all pure.

"I know a land that is sunk in shame,
Of hearts that faint and tire,
But I know a name, a name, a name
That can set that land on fire."¹

I know a world completely wrecked
And writhing in its pain,
And I know a name, a name, a name
That can build that world again.

To this high adventure the church is called.
To it all men of vision who love humanity are
called. Group together about the personality

¹ Words from "'Tis Jesus." Copyrighted. Used by permission of
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This third stanza original with present author.

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of Jesus; out of him unfolds the wondrous program; from him flows the power which creates the new heavens and the new earth. In the light of his majesty and love we shall see new visions, new truth, and by and by the New Jerusalem from God out of heaven.

Long ago an Indian chief bade three young men of his tribe to journey into the West. "Go," he said, "until you feel that you have reached the goal which I have in mind for you. Then return and bring me that which you prize the most of what you find."

They sped away, and weeks passed. Finally one day a young man returned to the village. His clothes were worn, garments frayed; he showed that he had been upon a long journey. He came into the presence of the chief and said: "O chief, I journeyed afar across the plains, up the foothills, and climbed the high mountains until I came to the timber line. There I found the wild laurel and I brought you this wreath." The chief took the wreath but answered him not.

Some days later another young man arrived. He was gaunt with hunger; his clothes were more ragged than those of the first. Brought to the chief he saluted and said: "O chief, I followed the setting sun as you bade me, over

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the plains and foothills and up the mountain-side. I passed the timber line and climbed on amid the snows until I reached a high place where jeweled rocks glittered and gold was found. I brought you of the gold and jewels." And he poured from his pouch the treasures into the hands of the chief, who answered him not.

Days passed, and when the last messenger was almost given up, one night he staggered into the village. His moccasins were gone and feet gashed with the rocks; his clothing was in tatters and his emaciated form bore witness that he was almost starved to death. He fell prostrate before the wigwam of the chief and fainted away. They brought him hot drinks and revived him, but he refused food until he could salute the chief and answer for his commission. Then, leaning upon another and trembling with weakness, he said: "O chief, I traveled over plains, foothills, and up the mountain. I passed the timber line and the regions of perpetual snow; I stood on the summit where the winds cut like knives as they blow from the four corners of the earth. Oh chief, I have returned to you with empty hands." He stretched out his weak and thin fingers, but his eyes lighted with flame and he cried: "I have returned with empty hands,

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but oh, chief, I saw the sea!" And the chief
said: "He found the true treasure."

"They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through sorrow, toil, and pain;
Oh God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train."

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO SAINT PAUL

According to my gospel.—*Romans* 16. 25.

THEOLOGY has a permanent interest for the human mind. However much men may ridicule or summarily reject it, they come back to its problems and talk them over again. The fact of God compels an intellectual response; theology cannot be abolished.

Facts force recognition and then interpretation. Here is the fact of the Christian religion, its paraphernalia of churches, shrines, rituals, colleges, libraries, and its vast literature. It is a principle of natural philosophy that the "work done requires a force equal to it." If a cannon ball breaks down a wall, the energy behind the missile must equal the resistance of the wall. Then what is the power which has brought into existence the vast appurtenances and products of the Christian religion?

All varieties of Christians attribute this to the personality of Jesus Christ. But many feel that it is a far cry from the Christ of the complex of systems claiming his name, back

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to the kindly Jewish Rabbi of the simple days in Galilee. To them he seems an almost mythical, distant being wrapped in rituals and creeds, and it seems impossible that all these organizations, with the confusion of their expressions and claims, can be a prolongation of his life and work. Yet the story strangely moves the heart, and the words of disciples at times are strangely attractive, and with Richard Watson Gilder they long for

“Not the Christ of our subtile creeds,
But the Lord of our hearts, of our homes,
Of our hopes, our prayers, our needs;
The brother of want and blame,
The lover of women and men.
With the love that puts to shame
All passions of mortal ken.”¹

So there has been a revolt, earnest minds crying, “Back to Christ.” For a generation there was a tendency to sweep aside as of little importance everything which did not seem to be found in the recorded words of Jesus. The creeds, the intellectual systems built upon his presence in the world, were to be overthrown; we were not to interpret his death as any more than a moral influence; the inter-

¹ From “The Passing of Christ.” Used by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company.

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pretation of him by Saint Paul was to be eliminated.

The tendency of all theories and movements of thought is to swing to extremes. They may have value, but seeking for Christ and the power emanating from him which is to be applied to remaking this world in its present torn-up condition, we cannot afford to lose one point of contact with him.

Our New Testament contains in the foremost part four small books which we call the Gospels according to Saint Matthew, Saint Mark, Saint Luke, and Saint John respectively. The old Saxon word "God-spell"—the "story of God"—is applied to them, a translation of the Greek word "evangel," or "good news." But while these stand first in our book, they were not the earliest records of the Christian faith. Doubtless some memoirs of the apostles have been entirely lost, but of the literary products of the early church, the earliest we have are the letters of Saint Paul. These found practically their present form some years before the so-called Gospels. The disciples who companied with Jesus of course told over and over again their tales of the Master's wonderful life. While they lived and so many witnesses talked the "old, old story," nobody would think of writing it down.

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But Saul of Tarsus, converted by a moral earthquake and thrust out to lead the far-flung line whose work was to be that of Christianizing the world, was in a few years far away from the scenes and the witnesses of the earthly life of Jesus. He must present this Saviour of the world to heathen and to Jews distant from Palestine; he must interpret this personality to them even as Peter did at Pentecost. The resurrection life of Jesus was different from that of the Gallilæan days. He had left no interpretation of his own death in literary form. He trusted his disciples to interpret his personality as Peter did at Cæsarea, as Paul did entering Damascus.

Paul becomes the towering figure of Christianity, after Jesus. Not a few careful students have ascribed to him the creation of Christianity. He is a great creative thinker and at the same time a passionate lover of Jesus. He translates into words the tremendous impression made upon him by his personal experience of Jesus. In fact, Paul's teaching verges upon a revelation. It was the miracle of miracles that the crucifixion should become a religion. Perhaps none who witnessed it had discovered in it any theology, but Paul interprets it and shows in it the unsearchable depths of God's love and power. He found

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in the cross a sacrifice, an atonement, a moral power available for all mankind.

In trying to express this revelation of God Paul is circumscribed. Every man must express whatever truth he grasps through his own mental and spiritual equipment. He uses the Greek language, which is defiled by licentiousness and stained through with idolatry. He puts Hebrew ideas into it, in Latin logic; he is telling the biggest thing ever put into mortal speech. He puts his experience of the saving Christ into the wains of language, which creak and groan and at times break down, requiring him to make new words. He is trying to utter in words "things unlawful to be uttered," things which his tongue cannot express. How can he tell that experience which he calls "caught up into the third heaven?"

Paul's "gospel" was the good news concerning Jesus and its application to his fellow-men. That gospel lies imbedded in his letters and can easily be read, for every sentence grows out of it and his entire structure is built upon its fundamental facts. But it must be read as the reflection of his experience. His was a different state of mind from that of the disciples of the Gallilæan days. To them, living in the fervid atmosphere of Jewish

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expectation, signs, wonders, portents, and the ancient Messianic lore were all important. They could not think in other terms. Their minds were wonder factories; they lived in the miraculous. While Paul gives full credit for the supernatural his mind is logical, his experience direct and spiritual, and he reaches his knowledge of Christ more as we do. He did not "know him after the flesh"; he became acquainted with him by spiritual contact.

An intellectual basis is a necessity for any system of thought which is to survive. The deep personal loyalty of Paul, his wonderful grasp of the real meaning of the life and death of Jesus enabled him to interpret Jesus so convincingly that the tests of two thousand years have not overthrown it.

Paul's "gospel" makes some striking omissions, and frankly accepts some of the great facts without reiteration. He says nothing of the virgin birth, nothing of the portents which attended it, gives no version of the angels' songs. He does not recite any of the miracles, yet he presents the Christ plainly portrayed in the so-called Gospels. His Christ is pre-existent, emptied of his glory; he is humble, unknown to the princes, poor, betrayed, nailed to the cross; his glory is veiled in squalor. Paul does not dwell on his earthly ministry;

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he accredits the Hebrew Scriptures; he administers the Lord's Supper, narrating its institution; he accepts the apostolicity of James and Peter, and he makes the resurrection of Jesus the foundation of his entire system. "If Christ be not risen, . . . your faith is also vain."

His gospel is also, naturally enough, colored by the current conceptions, some of which seem to have been misconceptions. The Messiahism which expected an earthly kingdom may not have affected him so much, but the second-advent expectation which accompanies it plainly was in his thought. He gave transient customs undue weight; women's headgear; her pathetic efforts at public speaking, the celibacy of a bachelor, found their way into his presentation of the Christian system. The strange interpretation of our responsibility for Adam's sin and some stiff things concerning the divine decrees mingled in a minor way with his interpretation of the death of Jesus and his administration.

The time in which Paul lived influenced his thought; no man could help this. The mold of Roman jurisprudence shaped his mentality, and his terms descriptive of the sinner coming into right relations with God are those of the court rather than of the house-

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hold, as in Luke 15. The imperial centricity of Rome is so a part of his mentality that he naturally conceives God in the terms of imperial majesty and the Christian faith as a magnificent universalism: "our citizenship is in heaven." To Paul, Jesus was not the friendly comrade, but he was the reigning Lord, and in characterizing him he rises to heights inaccessible to other writers excepting the author of the apocalypse.

Paul's gospel sets forth five great interpretations of Jesus as fundamental.

Christ is the expression of God. His relation to God is identical with his relation to us. He takes humanity up into his own personality; he brings God down to human terms. Jesus is the ideal man because he is divine. He was preexistent; he "emptied himself" of his divine glory. It is the intellectual expression of the manger and the cradle. The human body and mind become the keyboard upon which God in the flesh expresses the divine music of holiness and righteousness. In the flesh, in his time ministry, Christ was limited by the boundaries of manhood; Paul sees him unlimited. "God has put all things under His feet, and has appointed Him universal and supreme Head of the Church, which is His Body, the completeness of Him who everywhere

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fills the universe with Himself" (Eph. 1. 22-23; Weymouth).

Already Deity was recognized as present in the world; it is seen in life reaching after reality. Nature is the garment that God wears and through which he expresses himself. Life is divine.

"Every clod has a stir of might,
A something within it that reaches and towers
And grasping blindly above it for light
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers."

Deity in the world reaches its highest expression in the man Christ Jesus. Creation itself is a progressive incarnation coming to its climax in him.

Paul teaches that Jesus Christ is a permanent personal Presence. This is not an impersonal incarnation, a "somewhat that works for righteousness," but a personality, here now, contemporary with us as certainly as he was with the disciples in Judæa. He becomes in us a power for personal goodness; he enters our moral life, he is our moral life. Because he is divine he is congenial to our own spirits, for we are also the offspring of God. Man is a specialization of Deity, but Christ is the complete and the perfect manifestation of him.

GOSPEL ACCORDING TO SAINT PAUL

As such personal, congenial presence the soul recognizes him. When he spoke across the bleak desolation of the graveside his disciples knew his voice. Paul, who had never known him after the flesh, immediately hailed him as his Lord. A beautiful soul was imprisoned within a body; no gates of hearing, or of seeing swung open; no power of utterance was hers. Loving hearts persisted, knocking upon the closed gates until their signals penetrated the living grave and she came to know and communicate with her fellow men. Then Phillips Brooks came and through the signaled language spoke of Jesus Christ. A smile like heaven's dawn broke over the sightless face of Helen Keller as she signaled back, "I have always known him, but I never knew his name before." "This was the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

His invisible spirit bears witness with our spirits that we are his. Out of this comes the extravagant language of the mystics; its possession is the power and attraction of the church. "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end."

Paul declares Christ an institution of worship. "Through him we have access unto God the Father." "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" Human nature

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requires expression in worship. As reason is a function of the normal mind, so is worship; the heart craves God. All rituals, all priest-hoods, all efforts to make a trellis upon which the mind can climb to reach Deity are shadows of which he is the substance. Temples fade away; altars vanish, priesthoods disappear, sacrifices cease. We come to God through Christ.

Paul construes Christ as taking the race up into himself. The church is his body; he takes believers into his own personality. They are the cells of this mystical body. It is the Roman imperial conception vitalized, applied to a living person. A colossal unity, a vast comprehensive individual. The historical Jesus is interpreted into a universal personality.

“Christ is the visible representation of the invisible God, born before anything was created. For in Him was created the universe of things in heaven and on earth, things seen and things unseen, thrones, dominions, prince-doms, powers—all were created, and exist, through and for Him, and HE IS before all things and in and through Him the universe is a harmonious whole” (Col. 1. 15–17, Wey-mouth).

Christ becomes a new race; the new hu-manity. Individuals are built up into him;

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they are born into newness of life. Here is a perpetually increasing, a progressive incarnation. And taking the race up into himself there comes that unification of the race which will abolish war and bring in the golden age, thus fulfilling the dream of prophets, peacemakers, and sages of all time. Stephen Philips speaks as a prophet of God:

“ ‘In the years that have been
I have bound man closer to man, and closer woman
to woman;
And the stranger hath seen in the stranger a
brother at last
And a sister in eyes that were strange.
In the years that shall be I will bind me nation
to nation
And shore unto shore,’ saith our God;
‘Lo, I am the burster of bonds and the breaker of
barriers—
I am he that shall free, saith the Lord.’ ”¹

He will free by bringing them into One in Christ, into an ethical, spiritual, but actual unity. This will end that poison of the world, race prejudice, and establish the actual brotherhood of man.

Perhaps the climax of Paul's gospel, a startling conception truly, is his construing him as the new universe, a “harmonious whole.”

¹ *New Poems*, by permission of Dodd, Mead & Co.

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He construes a Jewish Peasant as the universe, the cosmic Christ. "He fills the universe with himself." He is the secret of the spheres; his personality reaches to the farthest vestibules of space. The mind reels at the conception. Paul does not deify Christ, he Christs the universe. But vast and unique as it is, there is something congenial to the modern mind in this. Our monistic thinking, impossible in some of its conclusions, has prepared us for a unity greater than any earthborn philosophy has yet predicated.

Paul crams the omnipresence of God into the personality of the crucified Nazarene, then he expands that personality to cosmic dimensions. As the Roman by the Euxine's flashing waters, in the dark forests of the north, or in Parthia's deserts, when he saw the flash of the Roman eagles, felt himself at home, for here Roman power was felt and Roman law prevailed, even so with Paul. One law pervades this universe, one personality fills it. It is dominated, not by a crude, cosmic, cold, lifeless, heartless force, but by a loving, brotherly, human heart, "the fullness of him who filleth the universe with himself." One law runs in our village and in far-off Arcturus. This universe is my father's house, its law is love. Therefore "not a hair of your head

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falls to the ground without his knowledge." "I cannot drift beyond his love and care." The power of his cross reaches every living personality "far as the curse is found."

Here is an optimism which has a sound basis. With all the unrelieved horror of our sin-stricken, war-cursed, diseased race, with its tragedy of arrested development, ignorance, cruelty, its woes of individuals and of races, there is the supreme hope of salvation from it all; of the medication of our woes, for He has taken upon himself the cure of it all. The Christ of Calvary is a triumphant, a regnant Christ. Paul's personal experience of him is enlarged to racial, to cosmic dimensions. Having taken upon himself to transform life, to create social righteousness, Christ has woven God's life into the fabric, and there can be no failure.

Such a Christ can impart to us a triumphant life. It must greaten every soul which accepts him; even everyone who in a feeble measure grasps this gospel of Saint Paul. There comes to mind Lanier's picture in "The Marshes of Glynn:"

"Ye marshes, how candid and simple, and nothing
withholding, and free,
Ye offer yourselves to the sky, ye publish your-
selves to the sea;

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Tolerant plains that suffer the sea and the rain
and the sun,

Ye spread and span like the catholic man who
hath mightily won

God out of knowledge, and good out of infinite pain
And sight out of blindness and purity out of a stain.

“As the marsh hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of
God;

I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh hen
flies

In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the
earth and the skies;

By so many roots as the marsh grass sends in the sod,
I will heartily lay me ahold on the greatness of
God.”¹

'Tis but a modern version of Paul's own
doxology of his gospel: “Who shall separate us
from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or
distress, or persecution, or famine, or naked-
ness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all
these things we are more than conquerors.
. . . . For I am persuaded that neither death,
nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor
powers, things present, nor things to come, nor
height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall
be able to separate us from the love of God,
which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.”

¹ Used by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers.

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And this is the record of John, when the Jews sent priests and Levites from Jerusalem to ask him, Who art thou?

And he confessed, and denied not; but confessed, I am not the Christ.

And they asked him, What then? Art thou Elias? And he saith, I am not. Art thou that prophet? And he answered, No.

Then said they unto him, Who art thou? that we may give and answer to them that sent us. What sayest thou of thyself?

He said, I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Make straight the way of the Lord, as said the prophet Esaias.

And they which were sent were of the Pharisees.

And they asked him, and said unto him, Why baptized thou then, if thou be not that Christ, nor Elias, neither that prophet?

John answered them, saying, I baptized with water: but there standeth one among you, whom ye know not;

He it is, who coming after me is preferred before me, whose shoe's latchet I am not worthy to unloose.

These things were done in Bethabara beyond Jordan, where John was baptizing.

The next day John seeth Jesus coming unto him, and saith, Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.—*John* 1. 19-29.

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Great preachers are always interesting. Men who can set forth their mighty convictions in speech that stirs other hearts will never lack for hearers nor cease to influence their fellow men.

The list of great preachers, running backward from the masters of to-day's pulpit, Whitefield, Massillon, Savonarola, Peter the Hermit, reaches a climax in John the Baptist. Our record of him is fragmentary, but it is significant and his impress was lasting. The judge of all men declared that John was the premier among men; and what we have of his career becomes of deepest interest.

"There is nothing new under the sun," says the proverb. I remember with what student surprise I learned that a steam engine had been made by Hero, and that it ran and did "work" in the Serapion at Alexandria. Less wonder that the things of intellectual life and methods of religious propaganda should be found recurring in different ages.

One of the most striking features of last century life in our country was the camp meeting. Chapters of history record the dramatic scenes attendant upon the birth of this unusual method of evangelism in Kentucky in the days of the McGee brothers, on the Atlantic Coast, in some of the historic camp grounds, in Illinois in the days of Peter Cart-

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wright and Peter Akers. Multitudes came in primitive conveyances, camped out in the forests and tarried for many days while the fiery preaching of the pioneer gossellers, the enthusiastic singing of the multitude, the intense prayers of the believers, and exhortations of anxious friends combined in producing results measured only in eternity.

Quite like a camp meeting was the climax of the ministry of John the Baptist. At Jordan Ferry a vast multitude of all classes had gathered. Men, women, soldiers, tax collectors, priests, Pharisees, countrymen, and inhabitants of the capital city were there. And quite as in camp meeting, the "tide rose" until there came the great day of the meeting when the power of God broke through all reserves and men were crying: "What must we do to be saved?" It was then that the chief citizens of the nation gathered about John and demanded an explanation of himself and his message, of his aims. "Who art thou?" was a vital question in this time of agitation and unrest, when revolution smoldered just beneath the surface and religious fanaticism was ever ready to burst forth in deeds of blood. It is the zenith day of John's dramatic life.

Great Days in Life. Not always do our great

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days combine into one day and life come to such a significant climax as for John at this time, but there are few of us but have some days which lift themselves like mountain peaks above the drab level of common life. Such a day is

The Day of Self-Recognition. It is a great day when a young man "finds himself." He may not be a prodigal in the far country; perhaps he may just have come to the consciousness of his own powers and discover some aptitude for a life-work, or that he too can accomplish things which make him worthy of mixing in affairs. Sometimes a man discovers that he is great, and a vast achievement may be his; or, again, the discovery may be the reverse, and he discovers how small and insignificant he is. Often the chief value for a man is to know how little and inconsequential he is. When deflation is well under way and conceit collapses, when self decreases there is a chance for real ability to develop, a chance for God to enter and for greater things to increase.

There is no evidence that John was an egotist; much that he was not. But on this day of the text he came to the full consciousness of himself. "I am but a voice," he declared. Only the vehicle for carrying the

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thoughts and emotions, the burning message; the Divine truth. For a brief space that musical voice of wondrous charm held the entranced multitudes. For a time it rolled across the plains, up the Jordan valley; vibrating the windows of Herod's palace, but it died away and was silent. The truth would remain in the hearts of men; the life he lived would continue through the centuries, but the voice ceased. It is a great day for a preacher when he recognizes himself as but a voice; great when he is certain that his message is the living voice of Jesus, the Saviour of men; and that it shall live in the character of his hearers. (The supreme test of a preacher is the character he makes.)

To some souls the day of self-recognition is important, but in a different way. The publican who cried, "God be merciful to me the sinner," the Philippian jailer who cried, "What must I do to be saved?"—these are representatives of a multitude for whom it was a great, a never-to-be-forgotten day, when they knew themselves as sinners in the sight of God. Knowing this, soon there flashed upon them the cure for sin, in the very message which John preached as the climax of his ministry: "The Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world."

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The Day of Christ Revelation. The day of Christ revelation is a great day. Following this day of self-recognition it is written, "The next day John saw Jesus." John knew him, and now he recognized the significance of his presence. Wherever Jesus is, all things center in him. What the golden milestone was in the Roman forum—center of the Roman world; what the altar of the twelve gods was in Athens—center of Greek culture, Jesus is in this world—its center of interest; and not Jesus as teacher alone, but Jesus as the bleeding Lamb of God. The cross is the supreme epoch of all time and eternity, the center of the moral universe.

Here is the solution for the problem, the unraveling of the tangles of our disordered world. The ancient astronomers had a theory that the earth was the center of the universe; all planets traveled about it. Their complex system of epicycles grew more and more involved and meaningless with growing knowledge, until it was so bewildering that when King Alfonso of Castile was instructed by the court astronomer he finally shook his head and declared, "I could have given the Creator a suggestion for a better system than that." The trouble was that their system was geocentric—earth was its center. Came Coper-

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nicus and showed them that not the earth but the sun was the center of the solar system, and when the heliocentric truth was grasped, lo! the planets marched in order, the confusion was ended.

The trouble with the nations, with individuals, is that they are geocentric: they are earth-centered, self-centered. When they discover Jesus as the center, as did John, order will come out of chaos and confusion be righted.

“Behold!” Still Jesus comes among men. He can be found wherever there is need. “Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these” gives a clue to his presence. He can be found wherever the social consciousness develops, until men establish justice for the weak and compel the exploitation of fellow men to cease. Where the mission worker walks in a ministry of salvage in a red-light district; where the executive moves to abolish the crimes against womanhood which make such a district; wherever men establish laws and institutions which make it easy for people to do right, difficult to do wrong, there Jesus is. Where the exile from home works amid the appalling vices of paganism by the Ganges, the Hoangho, the Congo, Jesus reveals himself. In the business world, where men trade fairly and give honest returns in commerce, Jesus is revealing him-

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self. In a personal, experiential way, he reveals himself supremely, and every soul may know him.

I have met him, the saving man. He took me into the fountains of his own life and cleansed me. When I had found myself as did the lost son in the far country, when I "came to myself," I had not so much courage as to begin the journey back to my Father's house. The struggles of soul were overwhelming. I understood John Bunyan's Pilgrim and his struggles, which we are now told present an impossible psychology to the present age, so much so that *The Pilgrim's Progress* must be rewritten! They need not rewrite it for me.

"Darkly the pall of night was thrown
Around me, faint with terror,
In that dark hour how did my groans
Ascend for years of error.
Sinking and panting as for breath,
I knew not help was near me,
I cried, 'Oh save me, Lord, from death,
Immortal Jesus, hear me.'

"Then quick as thought I felt him mine,
My Saviour stood before me,
I saw the light around him shine,
And shouted, 'Glory, Glory.' "

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This may seem exaggerated, but words cannot exaggerate what to me was the transition from darkness to light. No pen nor tongue can express the revolution which took place in my attitudes, my views, my principles, my loves. "Old things passed away, all things became new." This was for me the great day of life, when it pleased God to reveal Jesus Christ to me.

Mastered Temptation. The day of a mastered temptation is a great day in life. No soul can be without temptation; even the Christ was tempted, "in all points like as we are." The malignity, the shrewdness, the subtlety of temptation are convincing that it is contrived by a super spirit who plans the ruin of the souls of men. Jesus, a man of the town, is thrust into the wilderness to meet the crisis. John, a man of the wilderness, is tempted in the crowd. The subtle suggestion of popularity, the covert invitation to place himself at the head of the nation in some political movement; the opportunity to make friends with the ruling classes and popularize himself with the masses—all these are here. But John rejects every approach. True as steel, he warns them to flee from the wrath to come. His words to the common people are severe but carry hope, though hot and

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hissing words repel the "Jerusalem sinners," as Bunyan called them, and the royal adulterer felt the sting of his rebuke. John would not sell out. Wilderness diet—carob pods and a wild honeycomb; a sheepskin thrown over his shoulders—this was enough. No bribe, no "influence" could reach him, or minish his message; he spoke as God's man.

It is a great day in life for the young man when he is tempted and overcomes, as did Joseph, when the opportunity to profit by shading high ideals into lower practice is rejected. It is a golden day for the business man who refuses to profiteer, for the employer who rejects the temptation to take advantage of the laborer. It is a great day in the minister's life when he definitely puts aside the subtle temptation to play for popularity; to "wirepull" for some great pulpit or position of honor in the Church of God. It is a great day when he casts his lot with the poor and despised, speaking for the pillaged, protesting against injustice, calling sinners to repentance, though these may be those of his own ecclesiastical household.

O brother man, you will have your day of temptation when you will be tried as by fire. When passions scorch through your soul, when dishonor garbed in glamorous robes

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entices you, or when you have half yielded and lie grimy in the dust of defeat, still seek Him and his living word and Presence, and you shall still overcome! He is able to succor them that are tempted, and in the hour of mastered temptation you shall have a triumph which angels cannot win. "Behold the Lamb of God" in your hour of temptation.

A Great Message. John preached a great message on this great day of his life. It was an arresting message, gripping men's minds and making them think. "Behold!" he cries, and they pause in their pursuits and listen while the word searches their hearts.

Its contents were fresh and different from the labored and trite expositions of the teachers of the day. The preaching which will bring men to repentance and faith must be vital. John did not confine himself to the sins of Nineveh nor the wrongdoings of people far removed. He assaulted the consciences of those facing him in the mixed throng. Soldiers, tax collectors, the tolerant, Pharisees, Sadducees, all felt the scorching sentences. In our day John would not pause from arraigning the grafters, profiteers, exploiters of labor, violators of law, though they were clad in purple and fine linen and occupying the high places in church and state. He called men

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to judgment with a message in the language of the times, dealing with the issues of the day.

It was an evangelical message. "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." Men knew sin; they had constantly compassed the altars of their ancient ritual, but now there is offered them something which will remove their consciousness of guilt. The yearning heart which desires to be free from the load of evil welcomes the message which points the way to Christ, the Sin-bearer. That is a great sermon which first brings to sinful men the consciousness of their guilt and then the remedy in Jesus Christ. The Jews knew what priestliness was; they were familiar with the mechanism of sacrifice; now comes the good news of the vital priesthood and the perfect sacrifice of which their bloody altars were but the shadows.

John's message is universal. The content of it may be put into every language and preached to every race, and wherever it comes there will be gratitude, repentance, cleansing. The secret of its universality lies in this evangelical content. He "taketh away the sin of the world."

John Preaches a Great Experience. He is true to the most modern philosophy, which tests all things by experience. His appeal

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is to "behold"—seize, appropriate, grip the fact of Jesus the Sin-bearer. He calls men to experience this Divine Man who will take them into the rivers of his own life and cleanse them from sin. In the Judæan days Jesus companied with the twelve and they appropriated his personality. He grew upon them until they were conscious of something in him vast, transcendent, divine, and Peter cried: "Thou art the Christ." At a later day one temperamentally slower, more cautious, fell before him and saluted him: "My Lord and my God!" Whoever will may accept Jesus, appropriate him and become a partaker of his personality, and experience the fact that he is divine.

This results in enlargement of the one who thus accepts him. Becoming a partaker of Jesus Christ he loves his fellow men, for Jesus came, not for Jews, not for a few disciples, but for all the world. He was the first man with a world mind; the first to think in continental terms. He lays the missionary command upon his followers; it throbbed in his very blood; mission work, helping men, saving men is his very life. To serve the world, to help the world, to save the world is the essence of his life. Men cannot remain small, narrow, selfish, and possess Jesus; when he becomes the life

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of the soul that soul must expand and grow and greaten. Jesus alone can abolish race prejudice by absorbing all races into himself in the new humanity.

In its final analysis religion is experience. It is the response of the soul to the fact of God. The vast paraphernalia of Christianity in this world is the expression of the personality of Jesus. "If any man willeth to do his will, he shall know of the teaching." Jesus freely offers himself to the testing; whosoever fulfills the conditions with an honest heart shall experience the divine power of the saving Christ.

(It is by experiencing him that we behold him. To risk the soul upon him; to accept his will, his leadership and to covenant to do his command, this brings the heart where he can touch it. By faith we are saved; that faith is trusting him. We become conscious of spiritual reality and are transformed into his image. It is an actual moral experience in which the affections are changed until things once loved are now hated, and things once hated are now loved.

By thus beholding him, fixing mind and heart upon him, sin becomes hateful. It was sin which brought our Lord to the cross; it is sin which reviled him; it is sin which still

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puts him to an open shame and makes the blood of the Son of God of no avail. (And the real content of the gospel message, the core of gospel preaching, is to present Jesus, sacrificed for sin, put to death by sin. "For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him.")

Therefore "we preach Christ crucified." One never-to-be forgotten day I was in the Roman Forum. I passed down the Via Sacra, where the chariot wheels of the triumphing consuls had rolled; stood by the grave of Romulus; and I paused at the ruins of the temple of Julius Cæsar, where Mark Antony stood by the body of that idol of the people. And I remembered the burning words of eloquence which Shakespeare puts upon Antony's lips. After he had spoken in deprecation of himself, even of Cæsar, he wrought cunningly in his speech until he had stirred their affection for Cæsar to blood heat; then, taking the blood-stained toga of the fallen leader, he lifted it up before them and cried:

"... Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through.

.

See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;

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And as he plucked the cursèd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it.

.
I . . . show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor,
 poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me."

So, could I this day lift before you the wounded body of Jesus, the broken alabastron from which his sweet life was poured, I would cry: "Look, in this place my ingratitude stabbed him; here my sin pierced him like a dagger! Here he was wounded by those he loved, and when they plucked out the steel his sweet blood flowed."

Comrade, sinner, brother! I show you the wounds of Jesus, poor dumb mouths that speak for you and me! And I proclaim to you now that accepting him as Saviour you may experience the saving power of that death, the wondrous cleansing and inspiration of that life.

'Tis a great message; it may be summed up in John's own words: "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world." And beholding now by faith, living in his fellowship as seeing the invisible, "they shall see his face and his name shall be in their foreheads." In the hour when earth's sights fade away, when earth's sounds grow dull,

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when the storm tides sweep you out into the unexplored, uncharted ocean, you shall see his face looking in upon you as from the cloud. Then

“I shall see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.”

For the troubled, the tempted, the mortal all long for something more than this world can give. The heart craves a fairer land; faith whispers of one where death shall not come nor sin enter. And this is fairly included in the text, for did he not say: “I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go . . . , I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also”? Beyond the mist and fog of death, you shall “behold” him, face to face. And with him, those who have gone to be with him. You shall see

“In the morn those angel faces smile
Which we have loved long since, and lost awhile.”

There'll be joy in that homecoming and gladness of reunion. In the days when our soldiers were coming back from the wars it was announced that our regiment would arrive on a certain day. It had gone forth from our capital city and was drawn from all over the

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State. The people made a holiday, the railroads ran excursions, and thousands of people came up to the capital to welcome the lads coming home from the wars. Some days before the telegraph had announced their landing; then they were disembarked; then they were on the train, and then the wire told the story of what seemed the dragging approach across half the continent as the trains crept toward home, ah, how slowly!

The day for arrival dawned; the city was crowded to overflowing. Now the telegraph said they have reached the soil of their own State—but the hours dragged on; there were delays. Night came, they were still far out in the State. The crowds waited, waited till far past midnight. The governor and his staff were at the station; the streets were crowded for many blocks, even for miles. There were bands of music playing bravely, flags flying, the torches and electric lights gleaming, turning night into day as the train drew in.

Among those soldiers was "Cy" Mason, of my own church. He had grown up in that city, a big, hearty, athletic fellow, and he had gone away to the wars. As the train came into the yards, what do you suppose that doughboy did? He did not wait for the gov-

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erncr's speech; he did not care for the bands of music; he did not tarry to march under the triumphal arch and receive the flowers and cheers. He knew where the little mother was waiting for him! The big fellow crawled out of the car window before the train stopped and dropped to the ground, leaving luggage and all possessions to be lost or found. Taking the well-known paths through once frequented alleys which he knew so well, he ran the mile and a half from the railway yards to the little cottage. The little mother, waiting, waiting, heard footsteps running down the street; threw the door open, and "Cy" flung himself into the room and gathered her in his arms. Home at last!

So you shall behold Him, and with Him loved ones. Arms of love, kisses of love, welcome of love when you reach home from the wars, conqueror over sin and death. Amen, Hallelujah!

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The appearance . . . and their work was as it were, a wheel in the middle of a wheel. . . . And their rings were full of eyes . . . For the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels.—*Ezekiel* 1. 16, 18, 20, 21.

THE Rotary Club symbol in the Old Testament? Or the automobile in prophecy?

No! I will not follow the premillennial enthusiasts by extracting the automobile from the Chebar vision. I will not claim that the complicated machinery of our social order was visualized by Ezekiel, but I will say that the modern luncheon clubs, Rotary, Lions, Kiwanis, the Chamber of Commerce, *et al*, do exercise functions not antagonistic to the core of the messages of the great prophets and teachers of the Bible.

The business man is not supposed to be romantic; none would disclaim such an intimation more vigorously than he. He declares that he is practical; sentiment has small place in his equipment, and he would be surprised to hear that business glows with romance. Our age differs too widely from the age of romance! Ours is the age of machinery, the age of business. In the days of romance,

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when troubadours and knights roamed abroad, he who approached a city came clad in armor and saluted the sentinels upon the castellated walls with a trumpet call; he was admitted over moat and drawbridge. Recently I passed through a score of cities and saw never a moat, never a drawbridge swung up; I heard never a trumpet. But as we approached the somewhat vague boundaries of a town we often did come upon a standard, erect, shining, flaunting its legend in the form of a large wooden wheel, bearing the Rotary Club insignia and an invitation for members to the weekly fellowship meal.

Nevertheless, this is preeminently the age of romance. True, the variety of machinery and its products, substituting fingers of steel for hands of flesh and blood and multiplying the world's wealth, is impressive, and striking. Coordinate with machinery is the complicated social organism. This vast development was attained but slowly. The race expresses its energy in the alphabet of machinery and sentences of organization, and the world is full of belts, pulleys, shaftings, and revolving wheels. Despite all this, ours is the age of romance, and nowhere does it shine more glowingly than through the complicated activities of business.

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We feel the thrill of romance when the explorer has penetrated the jungle or the icy ramparts of the poles. We also agree that no Haroun Al Raschid followed romance more closely than those intrepid souls who pierced the microcosm, isolating the germs of deadly disease at their own life's peril, finally conquering yellow fever in its lair. Business likewise has its romance. No Robinson Crusoe's adventures surpassed Standard Oil's development and discoveries, mastery of markets, sailing of fleets, transforming waste products into things of value and use. Business men have shrunk the globe with bands of steel; they have conquered tides and waves, abolished mountain ranges, have overcome national prejudices and the barrier of tongues. Business has leaped the high hurdles which nature, ignorance, and distance put in its way and goes on confidently to further conquests.

Romance is essential to life; when it has disappeared from life the soul becomes a husk; it may exist; it does not live. Business is a product of life; it cannot escape romance; you find it in every avenue, every bale of goods, every countingroom. Fire insurance may not seem romantic, but it harks back to ancient Rome, built of wood and subject to ruinous fires. Enterprising Crassus organ-

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ized a band of his slaves and trained them to fight fires. Arriving upon the scene of a conflagration, he would negotiate to buy the house of the frantic owner, extinguish the flames and profit by the salvage. The modern life insurance companies, with their vast capitalization and network of hygienic and health education of and care for their policyholders, might be traced back to the burial clubs of the ancient empire. Business abounds in romance.

The thrilling tales of the brave days of old may be paralleled by modern business. Stout captains plowed their vexing keels over the seven seas and are celebrated in song and story as two-fisted fighters—"heroes of the Spanish main." They were this if they were not captured; but if captured, they were hanged as pirates. We have not seen the Jolly Roger at the masthead, but we are witnesses that the shadows of Drake, of Clive, of Captain Kidd, of Robin Hood have fallen across our age. Having met some of the great captains of finance disastrously in Wall Street, many will depose that the ancient pirates and freebooters have been reincarnated.

Even salesmanship has its romance. And what, pray tell, is the lover doing with his gifts, his blandishments, his "sighing as a furnace" but "selling himself"? Leaders of public

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affairs, statesmen, are they not salesmen diligently bringing others to accept their proposition? Is not the minister selling the fairest goods this universe can produce? The Creator himself calls: "Come ye to the waters, and . . . buy, . . . without money and without price."

It is by no means true that the zest for business is purely for making money. Business is a great game; it has the zest of football, the splendor of battle, the fascination of courtship. Probably its chief emolument is not at all in amassing wealth, but in what "playing the game" builds into the player. If he plays resolutely, fairly, takes his punishment without whining, he may carry the real riches out of the struggle stored within his own soul, whence no robber can plunder it; in a trove where "moth cannot corrupt nor thieves break through and steal."

Nor do these moderns lack the thrill of adventure. Antonio's galleys ran no greater risk than the Titanic, and even yet some bottoms find the port of missing ships, leaving him at Shylock's mercy. Even yet commercial ventures give opportunity for developing the jurisprudence of the nations and the eloquence of barristers and judges. Red-blooded men long for creative opportunity, and modern

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business gives them this plentifully. The skyscraper may not reach into heaven, but the tenants consider the rents fairly near that height. The discovery of the corporation, a means whereby individuals pooling their financial strength construct a Frankenstein, or if you please, a Robot, has made possible imperial achievements of continental dimensions. And commerce, with all its allied ramifications, still offers the lure of adventure and mystery of unknown lands and far-off seas; sends young men to distant marts and upon strange quests, the welfare of long queues of servitors depending upon their sales.

The observing minds in the business world have discovered that the kingdoms of life are tangled together. Along our California coast if a fisherman, rowing in the kelp beds, attracted by the transparent beauty of these vines of the seas, tries to draw up a branch, he finds no end; it is as if the entire seaweed of the Pacific Ocean were one vast unity. So are the kingdoms of life rooted together.

Sir Isaac Newton taught that action and reaction are equal, and in physics the law never failed. Jesus expressed the same law for spiritual things: "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." The simplest reactions are in material things, but

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the same law rules in the spiritual world. The misfortunes of certain railroad systems, developed by the predatory "empire builders" and exploiters of a generation ago, are due to that abuse of power. Meanness reacts as meanness; kindness as kindness. Selling is the reaction from buying; profit is the reaction from service; loss is the reaction from trying to get something from nothing.

Those seers among business men divined a great truth when they gave as a luncheon club motto, "Business is service." In this unity of life every transaction has a debit and a credit. The very law of accountancy expresses this fact of reaction. Every business transaction should benefit both parties to it, else an element of falsehood, of disintegration has entered. There is a startling vitality to laws. Even in business one soon comes to feel a structural moral framework behind all institutions, all processes. The forces of retribution for wrongdoing work with fatal and intelligent precision. Dishonesty is supreme foolishness; to plunder is to wreck yourself. He who does not play the game according to the rules dooms himself.

In fact, business forces like cosmic forces, are tinged with personality. Our constitutional government shows plainly the person-

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ality of its founders. The great business of a Wanamaker grows out of his personality. There is a vague, mighty, indefinite but real Being in the world whose intelligence encompasses the defeat of the villain. You cannot think out a scheme which is essentially wrong, and find human minds approving it or looking hopefully for its success, unless they have become warped or are dazzled by personal interest. Even in business there are ever and anon glimpses of One who comes in the cool of the day and imparts the knowledge of his presence.

Here we are bordering upon a great truth. Precisely as the race becomes rich in character and spirituality it acquires material wealth. There is a reason why the Christian nations possess the wealth and power of the world; why the Protestant nations surpass the rest. These are higher in morality; their spirituality, despite some gross faults, is greater. Russell Wallace shows that of the twenty-five great inventions, fifteen were created in the nineteenth century, while between 1890 and 1910 the wealth of America increased in an amount equal to all the wealth gathered in her entire history.

We are groping here; let us go slowly. Business becomes an expression of personality.

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Virtues create wealth; honesty, industry, economy—these make prosperity. Nature pushes us to profit. Commerce is the circulation of civilization's life blood, and if business is conducted ethically, it resolves itself into service. As the bees flit between male and female flowers, fertilizing the latter by the pollen they carry, so business fertilizes nations, communities, groups. Cooperation, mutuality are taught by Nature, emphasized by experience, and business glows with the same ethereal light of high ideals as do the so-called professions. "I am among you as he that serveth."

The fascination of business is not to amass great wealth, though that is attractive, for wealth is power. Neither is it in winning the game, but rather in constructive work. The man likes to build a business as the boy builds his house of blocks or castle of sand. Hear, then, the secret of this romance called business! Only the "square deal" is constructive; service alone is efficiently constructive. So-called success, measured by wealth, or even by a vast organism, is failure unless gained ethically. The foul hands of the burglar turn property into plunder; greed and unfairness transform wealth into illth. Spiritual facts, spiritual realities underlie our entire fabric.

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This inescapable mutuality of life involves business to the deepest degree. No man does business alone; he must do it with others. He becomes enmeshed with a vast number who are touched by his transactions. The breakfast that he eats, the clothes that he wears are the products of many hands, many minds. The intimacies of the modern world, with its railways, its annual migrations greater than those of the Huns or Avars; its mails, newspapers, telegraph, contagious diseases, are such that except we live by the Golden Rule we shall find it impossible to live at all. The awfulness of the last war, the horrible inventions already perfected for the next, bring home to us the fact that we must practice the Golden Rule, and thoughtful men realize that this can only be done by developing an actual affection, among men, an appreciation of each other which will settle differences in kindness.

Business brings fraternization. When conducted upon the basis of service, rather than of selfish profit; when conducted with chivalry, and knightliness, the basis of esteem, friendship, and love is laid. Not only does Bassanio highly esteem Antonio, who pledged his life to save him from ruin, but participators in ethically conducted business are welded fast in friendship. Not a few of the finest friend-

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ships are found existing between competitors in business and rivals in professional life.

The fact of mutuality must transform and transfigure business methods into actual service for humanity. Nature, our great teacher, is herself a communist. The highest expression of our civilization is the city. Men naturally gather together in towns. The thing that gives value to property is folks; the greater the number gathered about a center, the higher property values are. We are all interdependent; shareholders in institutions, in government, in property, in ideas. Even inventors are debtors to others. Stephenson's locomotive? Very well, what would he have done without using that invention of the unknown man of the stone age, standing back in the dark margin of the years, making the wheel—for Stephenson and the Rotary Clubs? Exclusiveness breaks down; selfishness has no place. "Ye are members one of another." The motto is wise: "Service above self."

As the race grows in spirituality and knowledge the expanding minds of men grow out of the little, narrow, selfish conceptions which regarded business as merely a means of enrichment. We are becoming continental, cosmopolitan in our enterprises; we must become the same in our methods and sympathies. The

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day of "caveat emptor" is past. Berton Braley, one of the hymnists of modern business, who inscribes his psalms in that book of worship and drama, the modern newspaper, writes:

" 'Business is business,' the little man said,
 'A battle where everything goes,
 Where the only gospel is "Get ahead,"
 And never spare friends nor foes.
"Slay or be slain" is the slogan cold,
 You must struggle and slash and tear,
 For business is business, a fight for gold,
 Where all you do is fair.'

" 'Business is business,' the big man said,
 'A battle to make of earth
 A place to yield us more wine and bread,
 More pleasure and joy and mirth;
 There are still some bandits and buccaneers
 Who are jungle bred beasts of trade,
 But their number dwindles with passing years
 And dead is the code they made.'

" 'Business is business,' the big man said,
 'But it's something that's more, far more;
 For it makes sweet gardens of deserts dread
 And cities it built now roar,
 Where once the deer and the gray wolf ran
 From the pioneer's swift advance;
 Business is magic that toils for man;
 Business is true romance.'

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“ ‘And those who make it a ruthless fight
Have only themselves to blame
If they feel no whit of the true delight
In playing the bigger game,
The game that calls on heart and the head
The best of man’s strength and nerve;
Business is business,’ the big man said,
‘And that business is to serve.’ ”¹

The progress of life is irresistible. There are movements of the social order and changes in tempora and mores which none can prevent. None of these is more significant than the change in the hero worship of the youth of our land. Two or three generations ago the hero was the statesman, the military man or the explorer. To-day the eyes of youth are fixed upon the business man. He appears to have invaded the sanctuary and while the medieval facing “Catholic” Party in the Church of England may canonize Charles II, American youth are more apt to invoke the spirit of Henry Ford. Even the universities are impregnated with the new spirit and their curricula are devised to facilitate business. Ministers have been sought and called because they are “good business men.”

More and more are churches administered as business organizations, more and more even

¹ Used by permission of *The Nation’s Business*.

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our religious and philanthropic institutions respond to the prevailing cult of business, until we have at times been anxious lest we should be irretrievably commercialized. But if this commercialization of art, the church, education, philanthropy, politics, should prove but the reaction from the ethicizing of business; if it should prove that service, the gulf stream from the heart of Jesus, shall have warmed the polar current of selfishness which has coursed through business, it may not prove to be loss, but gain. Conscience is more sensitive to-day than ever before; more things are rated as wrong than in the older days. The most rampant individualist is forced to realize that our institutions are being socialized and that "otherness" gains upon us.

Morality comes out in sales and balance sheets. It is not alone a question, "What are you making out of the transaction?" But "What kind of manhood are you making?" "What service are you rendering?" We are rediscovering the saying of Demosthenes: "As a building is only secure on a true foundation, so enterprises are only safe when justice and truth blend." Cheating, sharp practices, misrepresentation, unfair profits are but jerry building, and the fate of all houses erected upon the sands awaits such practices, and the

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men who follow them. Carlyle's rough words are unimpeachable: "Debtor to so much lying; forfeiture of existing stock of worth to such an extent; approach to general damnation by so much."

American business is led by an enthusiastic host of clubs and societies. The associated advertising clubs make relentless war upon fraud and misrepresentation in advertising. The luncheon clubs, commercial clubs and a legion of other groups of active men continually emphasize that the day of the square deal and of service through business has arrived. Fire sales and impossible bargains are disreputable. Reputation for honor, for truth and for fair dealing are assets, grouped under the ledger account of "good will," and even courts hold it to be valid capital.

Men have learned that the foundation of business is confidence and trust; this can be achieved only by service.

One of the great problems of philosophy, and therefore of life, is how to adjust prosperity to spiritual welfare. The virtues conduce to prosperity, even religion brings prosperity, but the discouraging thing has always been that prosperity breeds luxury; then follow idleness, selfishness, foolish indulgence, moral rottenness, dissoluteness, waste, poverty, and

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ruin. The business man, business men's clubs, students, lovers of men, may well set their minds to solve the problem, how to achieve prosperity without degeneration. While such problems remain unsolved, while the vast unexplored kingdoms of knowledge abound, while the human spirit holds inexhaustible deeps and incomputable possibilities of combinations and developments of power, business can never cease to glow with romance.

“How to labor and find it sweet,
How to get the good, red gold
That veined hides in the granite fold
Under our feet—
The good, red gold that is bought and sold—
Raiment to man, and house and meat;

“And how, while delving, to lift the eye
To the far-off mountains of amethyst,
To the rounded hills and the intertwist
Of waters that lie
Calm in the valleys, or that white mist
Sailing across the cloudless sky.”

Here is inexhaustible romance; here is a life which can never grow stale. Here is a world to conquer, a vocation worth while to bring this fair kingdom of the world under the reign of our Christ.

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How much owest thou?—*Luke 16. 5.*

THE dollar mark might qualify as our American heraldic device. Finances enter into all considerations. Commercialism dominates our modern life and the most conspicuous figure of the day is the profiteer. Great syndicates fix prices upon necessities; stock watering and combinations are the regular business of our Napoleons, and we even "grade" ministers by the salaries they receive. He would be a benefactor who could substitute a better standard of measuring the achievements of the day; we would hail as Messiah any prophet who could lead us from the arid plains of money-making to the heights of idealism.

One would be glad to forget money. Ministers, called to be prophets, privileged to see the heavens opened and visions of God therein find themselves business managers, floor-walkers in the house of the Lord. Men called to be interpreters of Jesus Christ must scheme to raise money, and in our churches the hour of worship is often an hour of financial drive. "How to get the money" monopolizes the meetings of those in charge of the church until

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spiritual interests and service of fellow men are nearly crowded out. A large proportion of us consume our energies and break down our brain and nerve cells either planning economies, how to "make a killing," or possible profits.

Great facts of life always have moral roots, and I am persuaded that despite the characterization of this as a money-mad age, there is a spiritual fundamental beneath our commercialism.

Nature herself is a great trafficker, sitting at the receipt of custom and taking toll of all who pass her portals. Life is a great exchange. The animal, vegetable, mineral kingdoms constantly exchange their wares. Heat, light, motion perpetually interchange. There is a ledger so great that no mathematics, no book-keeping of ours can keep the accounts or even post them accurately. Living things pay the price. The acorn dies to become an oak; the corn of wheat falls into the ground that it may grow the lifegiving grain.

In the deeply involved commerce of this universe it would appear that not only must a price always be paid, but that it must be adequate. He who expects to get something for nothing is either inexperienced or intellectually dishonest. To enjoy society we must

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give up meditation; the more we would have of other folks the more must we lose our individualism. For the city's pleasures we forfeit the country's charm. To get the chronometer we lose the art of telling time by the sun. We ride in limousines, but lose the ability for long hikes. We have fine cookery, and pay the price of good digestion, and shed our teeth.

It is a farflung law. Every institution of liberty has been paid for by the blood of martyrs. We may preach peace and sing of the time when swords shall be beaten into plowshares; but if peace ever comes, it will be over bloody trenches. Progress costs sacrifice. Liszt's fugues and marches were paid for by weary practice which left his fingers crooked as birds' claws. Dickens could give us *David Copperfield* because he had felt the cruelty of the Murdstones, and it is said the original of the incompetent Micawber was his own father. He paid to be able to produce.

In *Ray's Higher Arithmetic*, a book of youthful student days, written by a mathematician who was said to have become insane (some hapless students thought before he wrote the book), there was a difficult department called "The Arbitration of Exchange." It was a method of adjusting the monetary values of

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different countries. (One shudders to think of applying it to some modern European currencies!)

There exists a divine arbitration of exchange. In the shadows amid the intricacies of our vast system of profits and losses, stands the Great Arbitrator; indeed, he is also the Great Investor who has established a ratio which cannot be broken. And often there is a big return to the man who trades fairly and pays the price. Here is the lad who would rather play, but he yields to advice; puts in time and patient study on those black hieroglyphs, the alphabet. But how vast his returns, how great his increment! The newspaper at his breakfast table brings the world to him—no effort now for him to read. In his library the great minds of earth await his pleasure for their tryst and yield to him all their riches. Here is compound interest, and no taint of profiteering!

Noble spirits always would pay adequately. Abraham would not take the cave of Machpelah without paying its worth. David refused to serve God for naught upon Araunah's threshing floor. The true man will not profit by an accident in his own favor. "He sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not." And in life's inescapable commerce there seems to be a ratio between the use of material

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goods and the acquirement of spiritual values. John wrote to the beloved Gaius: "I wish that thou mayest prosper even as thy soul prospereth."

For, in the last solution, our lives are a process of exchanging the visible for the invisible. Each personality is a loom on which time and eternity meet as warp and woof. The pattern is before our eyes; there is much noise of throwing shuttles and some exchange of labor. The weaving is unseen, but our deeds write eternal results.

No man can be "independently rich"; he can only buy *things*. The arch danger of riches is that their possession breaks down the sense of dependence, and religious experience requires this. Through overconfidence, because wealth is power and can buy some things, religion shrivels and adjustment to fellow men becomes mechanical, not vital.

Money cannot buy the invisible realities. It is powerless to buy respect, love, any of the great spiritual commodities. Sooner or later the selfish rich who expect to buy the gift of God with money, or even to buy human honor or virtue with it, come up against failure, and hear a voice: "Thy money perish with thee." Neither manhood, womanhood, health, education, life, goodness can be bought by

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money or any form of material wealth. There is a coin of the spiritual realm; it alone is legal tender for spiritual values.

Profiteering is the abuse of life's requirements; it is cheating, and may be done in many ways other than financial deals. In sex relations the effort to seize the pleasures of love without discharging its obligations is vice with resulting prostitution and disease. The effort to obtain the labor of a human being without recompense and by limiting freedom is slavery, and its practice always brings economic decline and moral collapse. Killing off the animals used for food produced cannibalism; the failure to recompense the body for its physical functions brings ill health. Overeating without muscular expenditure brings all manner of ills. Profiteering never pays.

Among the evil things brought by the Great War was an orgy of profiteering. Under cover of patriotism and camouflaged successfully by technicalities, it went on in every land. The world has been horror-stricken by the wave of criminality following the war and this has been charged to the deeds of violence which are the staple of war. But in addition, no small part of the lawbreaking, plundering, and violent crimes against property have come

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about because of the wholesale profiteering which set the example on every side, causing criminal minds to think that justice and right can be violated with impunity.

Shipbuilding and other constructive operations for our government were put upon a basis of cost, plus ten per cent, and the "cost" was elastic. Six hundred millions of dollars produced one lone airship transported to French soil.

United States Senator Capper says: "In one year the income of corporations increased from thirty-three and a third billions to eighty-four and a half billions of dollars; 10,173 new corporations were organized. The cotton mills made 2,000 new millionaires annually, increasing their profits from $2\frac{3}{4}$ cents to $15\frac{1}{2}$ cents per lb., while the producer got less than 1 cent. Sugar went from 10 cents to 30 cents per lb." The American Woollen Mill Company admitted profits of from 100 to 200 per cent. Shoes trebled and quadrupled in price, while farmers found themselves unable to sell wool at any price and received no more for their hides.

The Wall Street Journal said that in 1916, '17, and '18, 62 corporations paid dividends of three hundred and sixty-two millions and increased their stock by dividends to from one fifth to three times their capital. The

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Creator stored coal and oil in the cellar for his children; its possession, secured to a large extent by unfair means, has enriched the few at the expense of the many, and we have known cold and suffering; while the Coal Age says that the labor cost has practically nothing to do with increased prices, it is so infinitesimal.

To meet this orgy of profiteering our department of (in) justice made 1,854 arrests for profiteering and secured 181 convictions. Apparently, it picked out a few scattered and somewhat friendless merchants and "soaked them," while the great exploiters went free.

Moody's and Poor's manuals compiled statistics from federal returns showing that corporations with incomes from \$1,000,000 up netted 24 per cent per annum for three years, three times their prewar earnings. If the other corporations earned proportionately, the corporations of the United States in that three years took, in excess of prewar profits, \$240 per year from every family of five in the country.

These enormous profits were too great for division, and a large part was held in reserve; the supreme court obligingly decided that stock dividends were not taxable as income, a decision worthy of the same respect as that which

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acquitted the American Woollen Mills after their confession of profiteering, the ground of acquittal being that they manufacture, not clothing, but cloth! Truly a fine distinction! The Treasury department reported that 20,000 out of 31,500 corporations which reported incomes netting more than 15 per cent (despite padded expense rolls) doubled their capital in three years. In 1917, 5,000 corporations earned more than one half their entire capital and 2,000 doubled their capital that year.

The effect of this wholesale plundering was to force the cost of the essentials of living up as high as 250 to 300 per cent. True, the waste of war contributed also. Following this a myriad of middlemen imitated the big profiteers until they no longer think of handling farm products for less than 100 per cent. Department stores rioted in the exorbitant prices until they provoked a buyers' strike; they then relaxed and we heard much of "taking the losses"—but in a short time prices were again at top notch, while every city has its quota of retail dry-goods men worth millions which they have amassed since the war broke out.

The infection of profiteering inoculated professional men. Surgeons, dentists, physicians charge fees in amounts to which we were strangers, and hospitals became so expensive

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that the poor were shut out. The high cost of living, largely produced by greed, presses the poor as a "cart presseth sheaves." Mammon lays its greedy hands upon infant life, and many young people are unable to wed because of the extreme cost of living, while the birth rate falls rapidly, as it always does, when the cost of living advances. Rent hogs make it nearly impossible to provide a roof over a family, and following the suicidal World War this greed for gold is strangling the white race. Undertakers charge such prices that the families of the poor, and even of the middle class, are impoverished by the burial of their dead. Farmers are going into bankruptcy and the producing classes are in straits which a decade past would have been inconceivable.

The fabric of the social order is shaken. While we thunder at Russian Bolshevism the capitalists and profiteers are driving the middle classes and the poor of our land to desperation. The big business interests seem either blind or imbecile. Just now, when cross-currents flow in tides like the great bore in the Bay of Fundy, is no time to be rocking the boat. The increasing, reckless luxury of the rich added to the profiteering sharpens the misery of the unskilled laborers and tenant

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farmers in our own land, dooming them to pauperism and breeding revolution.

What remedies? Publicity would greatly help. If the facts could be gotten to the people, public indignation would soon greatly improve conditions, as it forced the steel trust to abolish the twelve-hour day. The rent hogs, plundering middlemen, profiteering stores, and highwaymen operating under professional titles would be forced to change their methods. But our newspapers are owned by big corporations and by rich men, who themselves are profiting enormously by the common vice. The daily press is controlled from the countingroom, and big advertisers succeed in withholding the raw facts which would produce indignation. Under a smoke screen of scandals, divorces, and the piffling exploits of the movie people, the stuff purveyed as news, the pirates continue their plunder. Local profiteers could be cured on short notice if the facts were known.

Legal remedies are proposed. Federal license laws for manufacturers bearing in plain figures the costmark, it is thought, would check profiteering. At any rate, it might open political berths for a horde of inspectors! Federal laws requiring charters, the control of stock issues and illegitimate capitalization

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are proposed, with the seizure of excessive profits as taxation and applying them to the bonded debt of the nation.

It is doubtful if such statutes could be enacted or enforced. The political power of the united plunderbund is too great. Socialistic measures, looking toward the nationalization of production awaken but little hope. They are fantastic, Utopian, and usually ignore some fundamentals of human nature.

The process of Christianizing our social relations must go forward. The intimate relations of life require an application of fairness and justice, an observance of the laws of relations to a higher degree than ever before. The capitalistic system of economics is the product of centuries and seems to possess greater possibilities of universal happiness than any other social order, provided it is administered in accord with the essentials of our mutual responsibilities. We are forced by its development to realize that unless life is lived in accord with the Golden Rule it will break down in confusion and our civilization will be buried under the debris of our most valued institutions.

Legislation cannot save us. Again, it is the work of the prophet to show the way of salvation. We must call the people back to

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the fundamental virtues of simplicity, thrift, economy, with generosity and justice for all men. The nearly forgotten teachings of frugality, modesty, and the gospel teachings concerning vanity and extravagance ought again to be emphasized.

We must again set up the ancient standards of value which, in fact, lie at the heart of the universe. The really great spirits of earth thought little of profit. There have been men like Agassiz who declined a large sum for lecturing saying, "I have not the time to make money."

One reason for the prevailing evil of Mammon-worship is found in the change of ideals in our homes. In our altarless homes the multi-millionaires—the pirates of finance—have been exalted until our children regard them as the type of success. Iago's "Put money in thy purse" is more regarded than Jesus' "Lay not up treasure on earth." In our luxurious homes the children know little of sacrifice and are ignorant of the moral value of labor. They were better off in older days when each had some "chores" to do, and knew it was no disgrace to get one's hands dirty at honest toil.

Once upon a time, in our town an upright judge sentenced a young man to the

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penitentiary for fourteen years for "holding up" and taking ten dollars from a man. The judge fulfilled the law. The next week a man arrived fresh from looting a great railroad system of thirty million dollars by the burglarious methods of modern finance. Our mayor met him at the station with a brass band and our Chamber of Commerce served a great banquet, the elite of the city joined to do him honor.

We must recall our people to the emphasis of the high Bible ideals in home life and teaching. Our pulpits and Bible schools must face the unbrotherly practices of the modern life and test them by the Nazarene who gave no thrones to the successful profiteer, but confers the rewards of the kingdom upon him who is servant of all. The gospel of service from the pulpit and teacher and the earnest effort of the individual to serve his fellows may be a slow method, but it is the divine one and will do the work. Our gospel of social justice must be given hands and feet to walk forth through the earth; it must be winged with fire to burn its way through the thicket of shams; it must be as persistent as God to command a hearing among the pleasure lovers and profiteers of the day.

Every age has its own problems; therefore

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it must have the gospel emphasis facing them. While profiteering doth abound this great gospel of service must much more abound. Welcoming the superficial, yet useful, utterances upon service which are common among the business men's clubs, rejoicing in every ethical ally which will lock shields with the church from every quarter, it is for us yet to deepen and press more intensely upon all men their responsibility for brotherliness. The rule of gold must give way to the Golden Rule.

In the heart of the universe all kingdoms root in the Divine. The exchange system which eventuates in modern business is mutual service. "Godliness is profitable unto . . . the life which now is, and of that which is to come." The Golden Rule is the only safe law of business. It alone can take the tears out of profiteering and reduce human misery, while still leaving the encouragement of individual ventures and the natural human desire for acquisition. The law of sacrifice blends into the law of service and the economic realm must be Christianized just as certainly and as thoroughly as the other kingdoms of this world which must become the kingdoms of Our Christ if the highest human interests are served.

But Christianity is far more than a scheme

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for social adjustment. No mere reform can satisfy the heart nor be sufficient for our spirits. Life with its mysteries, its splendors, its laughter and tears, requires more than Marxism, more than the universal possession of luxury to solve its problems. No mere social adjustment, whether capitalistic, communistic, socialistic, but leaves the bottom facts of existence untouched. Whatever social reform may be established for man, the words of J. Brierly are true: "Time would still carry him on its resistless tide, would inflict on him its experiences of age and decay. Bereavement would smite his heart, the awe of the unseen would still encompass him; disillusionment would haunt him, death would face him. That a sufficiency of eating and drinking, that the glutting of his appetites, the feeding of his senses would satisfy him he would discover to be the vainest of illusions." In fact, we are inheritors of institutions, traditions, a vast paraphernalia created by our forbears at infinite cost. We carry within ourselves the ontogenic achievement of countless ancestors and of a great race. We are what we are because of boundless benefactions bestowed upon us by donors to us invisible; because of measureless service rendered by invisible helpers. The great spirits who have toiled and suffered

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for us seem from their height to look upon us, awaiting our response. Behind them is a greater benefactor, our Creator, whose endowments, gifts, and plans for us run us into an incalculable debt.

When we face the obligation of returning adequate value in this transaction of living, we are undone. "How much owest thou my Lord?" How will you repay him? The head sinks in confusion. We are hopelessly bankrupt. If we meet every possible opportunity in doing for our fellowmen; if we do our best to make the pathway better for the little feet, pattering down the road behind us, we cannot hope to repay a tithe of our obligations. "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors."

The grossest profiteering, the root of all plundering of fellow men is in the confirmed custom of receiving the benefits of life from the hands of God and never recognizing our obligation to serve him in return. We must all confess moral bankruptcy.

Not only our political liberties, our institutions, our languages, our commerce, food, clothing, are matters for which we are indebted to others, but how much more our ethics, our religion! You turn the water tap and draw water that has flowed from the Sierras across

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the desert, and you may compute that you pay for that. But when you open *The Pilgrim's Progress* or the Bible and draw soul refreshment, what compensation can you render those far-off souls who, in the twilight of history, climbed the hills of God, struck the rock, made the living waters flow, or those who toiled in the desert, giving their lives to build the aqueduct which brought this to you? Truly, "we are debtors to Greek, Jew, barbarian." Profiteering is but a symptom of our obtuseness to our debt to man and God.

We may dissent from the Anselmic theology; our sensitive, refined minds may recoil from the medievalism of the erstwhile favorite revival ditty, "Jesus paid it all," but however crudely the fact may therein be expressed, we are utterly insolvent and the cross is the only possible cancellation which will bring peace to the soul conscious of the vastness of his debt.

Something in the life of Jesus together with something in his death has become a universal moral motor force. Because we must invent names for things in order to speak of them, we call it the atonement. It is the moral law of gravitation, and no ethical act escapes its influence. It draws us that second mile; it moves us to sacrifice and to service; it ener-

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gizes our cold morality and writes the Golden Rule upon our consciences. It is the reserve upon which we draw in temptation and every time of need.

Upon this "riches of grace in Jesus Christ," as upon an inexhaustible reserve, we who were bankrupts are enabled to draw. Having confessed our sins and having returned from the far country, the feasting has begun.

Yes, life is commerce: bartering the visible for the invisible. We are taking our increment in experience, in character, in a wealth deposited where no greedy-fingered profiteer can seize it. It is ours to live with both feet planted firmly upon the earth, discharging every duty of citizenship, helping to develop institutions of self-government and to make and enforce good laws which make it easy for the people to do right, difficult for them to do wrong. But nowhere in the traffic do we render *quid pro quo*. "We are unprofitable servants."

"Ye are the salt of the earth." Salt is to prevent putrefaction; when rubbed in it takes hold bitterly. Our personal experiences of God must be well rubbed into the social order to save it. If we are silent, permitting those under our ministry to corrupt their children, despoil their neighbors, and rot their own

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souls by greedy plundering under the forms of law, we may expect to answer therefor to the Lord of the harvest, who sent us forth with the message of man's moral bankruptcy, his hopeless debt, but also with the proclamation of repentance, forgiveness, the cancellation of the debt through the cross of Jesus Christ.

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And they blessed Rebekah, and said unto her, Thou art our sister, be thou the mother of thousands of millions.—*Genesis* 24. 60.

As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.—*Isaiah* 66. 13.

He maketh the barren woman to keep house, and to be a joyful mother of children.—*Psalms* 113. 9.

LIFE is always an interesting teacher. Frequently men have gone far astray because they have not learned from life. Sometimes the teachers and preachers of Christianity have missed and overlooked the revelation of God to be found in life. We have heard much of God in the Bible, of God in Christ, of God in the church, of God in nature, and sometimes have missed the fact that God is always pushing out into the world through natural relationships.

Religion is natural. It is not something poured into man, but is the result of the soul's own facing the supreme fact of God and endeavoring to interpret and to live the actual relationship.

Ecclesiasticism might never have reached its overdevelopment had the church kept

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closer to life. The terrible doctrines of High Calvinism, once so in vogue and which produced the reaction against Puritanism, could never have been so powerful had men interpreted God in terms of life, of Fatherhood, instead of in cold logic.

Jesus was not an ecclesiastic; there is no greater contrast than to put the elaborate monarchical system of Roman Catholicism over against the plain Galilæan Rabbi. Or, throw the contrast in other terms, put the "horrible decree" resulting in the fierce sentences of Jonathan Edwards in his "Sinner in the Hands of an Angry God," over against Jesus' interpretation of God in the fifteenth chapter of Luke.

Life always seeks expression. The life fact of greatest emphasis is the cosmic urge to reproduction. It is the mightiest motive in human affairs; so far as we can see, it is the chief aim in animal and vegetable kingdoms. The writer of Genesis was true to life when he wrote Jehovah's command: "Be thou faithful and multiply." It is obeyed wherever life is found. Life comes to blossom in youth, beauty, attractiveness, in a myriad of ways through which the sexes draw each other until the institutions of the race cluster about their relation. Youth with its high spirits;

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audacity, its turbulent pulses and marvelous magnetism mates with youth in the perpetual miracle of love.

This cosmic urge is creational; out of it blossoms romance, joy, sorrow, industry, economy, virtue, the home. Certain moralities hedge the functioning of this urge. Protected by jealousy, the flaming sword guarding the tree of life, the race has developed monogamy: the law of the one man and the one woman. Its palladium is the austere purity of the woman, the vestal virgin guarding the holy fire. Thus guarded, the natural fruition of life in reproduction is as holy as an angel's song, and every mother may claim the words of the angel to Mary: "The power of the Most High shall overshadow thee," and her child is literally born of God.

Just as life expresses itself in the beauty of the flower, the sweetness of the bird's song, the glory of the great tree, so does it in love and marriage. "All the world loves a lover" because the highest expression of life is love with its fruitage. When the lover has found the one who bears in her forehead the mystic name which none but he can read; when the bride has met the lover who bears the other half of the white stone; when in spirit and in body these become one, then nature reaches the

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culmination of the long life process in the climax of a new life being born.

"In the long years liker must they grow.
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She, mental breadth, nor fail in childward care
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man
Like perfect music unto noble words.
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time
Sit side by side, full summed in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the to-be.
Then comes the statelier Eden back to man,
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and
calm,
Then springs the crowing race of humankind."

Tennyson, "The Princess."

The birth of children is God's way of progress. The answer to conservatism is the little child. Institutions, creeds, codes are powerless against the cradle. When you bring it in you make certain that things will change; life cannot halt. When you have settled your constitution, your theology, yon tiny brain will upset it. The monarchy was a going concern in France in the middle of the eighteenth century; then in tiny skulls were born the minds of Rousseau, Mirabeau, Danton,

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and the whirlwind swept the world. When the earth ceased rocking, French monarchy had gone—chaff before the wind.

But, in fact, environment and the training of the child has much to do with that future: hence the home, prayer; the knowledge of God must surround him if the race is really to go forward and not lapse. The cosmic urge must be tutored and life kept in touch with God.

Parenthood must be discharged intelligently. Every child has the inherent right to be well born. "The blessing of the righteous unto the third and fourth generation" is only the ancient Hebrew statement of the law of heredity. It must not be forgotten that the curse upon wickedness is the reverse side of this statement. The birth sins of democracy are flagrant. Out of 709 descendants of the prostitute, Jukes, 280 came to be supported by the public; one fifth of them were convicted of crime, the larger portion of the rest were licentious and diseased. Like breeds like, and the posterity of Jonathan Edwards gave a list of college presidents, ministers, statesmen. Life urges reproduction, but if democracy is to be preserved and the race continue in progress, steps must be taken to secure the right of being well born to every child. Democ-

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racy must make this its care or go down in ruin.

Education alone will not solve this problem. We send our girls to college; one half of the college women do not marry; those who marry average 1.4 child each; the total average of college bred women being only .7 child. Indeed, our native American wives produce but an average of 2.7 children, while the foreign born among us produce 4.4. The American race is dying out, to be superseded by aliens in blood and ideals, while the very choicest of our American women, those who have received the priceless culture of our colleges, are failing in the great function of motherhood.

We are facing the fact of the voluntary sterility of the best Americans while the unfit marry, produce large families, and the results are the lowering of intelligence, lowering of standards, the degeneration of the race. We are thwarting the divine life itself, and as this sin abolishes reproduction, it is difficult to see how it can have any possible reparation; it extinguishes life. It robs God and the world of the richly endowed men and women who might have been.

The divinest thing in life is parenthood. Out of it comes the galaxy of human virtues and graces, sacrifice, service, unselfishness,

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self-control, courtesy, kindness—how interminable the list! And the race long ago felt that in the fact of parenthood the woman, the mother, is exalted; that some way she carries the mystery of life to a higher degree, and our forbears robed her as they did the priest, to shield the mystery and establish her in sacred rank.

“Ye have to do with Wounds,” said the woman,
“I ease their pain,
Close the tired eyes that Death has left staring,
Staunch the red stain,
Help to build up the walls of the temple
Ye did profane.

“Ye have to do with Death,” said the woman,
“And I with Life,
Loose your legions and hurl them headlong
Into the strife—
Who shall refill the ranks of the fallen?”
“I,” said the wife.

“Ye have to do with time,” said the woman;
“Short runs its course,
Eternity flows through me like a river
Sharing its force;
God flung the years at my feet for fulfillment,
I am the source;”

Because she is the source; because her body
cradles every individual of the race, we can

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look to her with reverence. Because she shares with bringing us into the world, because we have felt about us the love which only mother gives, we feel that through her there is a pathway to God.

Universals are valid. A universal fact is to be trusted. Wherever there is conscious life mother love is found. The wolf fights for her young; the mother bird in the fields risks her own life, running as if with broken pinion, to draw intruding feet away from the nest where her fledglings lie. Mother love involves the very highest and noblest service rendered among human beings; it has the qualities of the Creator himself. No ingredient can be found in a drop of water which is not found in the ocean whence it came; can the sweetness of mother love be found in the creature and not be infinitely greater in the Creator?

Widespread and generally accepted errors may be expected to have a basis of truth. Prevalent religious errors usually are exaggerations of some fact. It is always good to winnow them out and find the grain; it may prove to be precious, perhaps even as a pearl of great price. Truths never contradict each other, and we never lose by giving full credit to truth wherever found.

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The ancient pantheons enshrined female gods for the adoration of mankind. Juno, Venus, Athena, Diana—there's a long list of them. What means this, but that the human heart is reaching up for a tenderness, for the feminine traits which found in humankind crave gratification and response in Deity?

Christianity swept all those ancient deities away; purged out the superstitions, overturned the shrines, presented a purer, nobler faith and the heart of mankind responded, following the inner urge to choose the highest when it was proven.

The Hebrew Jehovah was a masculine Deity. The prophets and teachers in a warlike age delighted to present him as a man of war. Devotion to him produced a strong-willed, intense, narrow-minded people. Yet here and there in the sacred books there are flashes, vague responses to the craving of the human heart for tenderness and motherliness in God. His blessing was always given to motherhood; the highest reward he could give a good woman was to bless her with children. Sarah, Hannah, Rebecca, Ruth—the women who have become the patterns of Christian wives and mothers were thus blessed. The hymns of the ancient church carried a doxology for mothers. Some sentences may be gathered, as that of Isaiah

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66. 13, wherein God shows the solicitude and care of a mother over those who serve him, but there was much that was veiled, held back, which comes more fully to light, not so much in the words as in the person of Jesus.

In that great personality both male and female find their fulfillment; "ye are complete in him," is true in a broader way than the quotation itself may seem to justify. In Him are found not only masculine strength, but feminine tenderness and a purity as lustrous as that of a virgin. Gentleness, meekness and other traits verging upon femininity characterized him. We do not admire nor are we usually moved by a man's weeping, but the tears of Jesus do not diminish anyone's reverence for him. He satisfies the cravings of every race and time, and of human beings irrespective of sex.

But after he had left the scene of his earthly career and men must interpret him, he was translated more and more into sterner expression. Roman imperialism impregnated the thinking of the whole civilized world and it is not many generations until in the thinking of his church, Jesus has become an exalted potentate, a deified Roman emperor. Early Christian art, crude but faithful, pictured him on the walls of the catacombs as the Good Shepherd;

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where his mother appears therein as any good woman, but the maldevelopment of theology may be traced in the same art, until we find Jesus pictured as a wrathful Judge and Mary pleading with him to spare the world. By and by she seems actually exalted above him and Mary has usurped the worship of her Son.

Protestants have always been impatient with Mariolatry, an intense cult, a blending of chivalry, adoration, worship, idolatry, in a strange zeal which we can scarcely respect. But with all its grotesqueness and perversion of the sound religious instinct of the human heart, it has a reason. If the motherliness of God were presented by the teachers and preachers of the faith, the hunger of the heart would meet in him that which it craves and will not be denied.

Indeed, Protestantism itself furnishes proof enough of this. Revolting against the monarchical interpretations of Jesus Christ prevalent in Calvinism, it has produced erratic offspring, such as Joan Southcote's famous sect, the Shakers with their interpretation of God as a woman, the Mormon religion and Christian Science, which comes perilously near to the deification of Mary Baker Eddy, but also insists upon the motherliness of God in every

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prayer. Do not these very perversions prove that here is a vast but neglected truth?

The child is the rudimentary human being. His feelings, crude and unrefined, are in some respects to be understood as a part of that glory which he trailed behind him in coming to earth. The world over as well, as in the field of the Shunammite, the ailing child sits on his mother's knees, and mature life but heightens the consciousness that "No love like a mother's love ever endures." We are but grown-up children, and it is entirely human that when we are coming to the evening and the end of life's day is at hand, we should again long for her who cradled us in our childhood's hours. Gilbert Haven spoke a universal language when he said, dying, "When I get to heaven I shall lay my head in my mother's lap and rest for a thousand years." Likewise Frances Willard, woman of the great heart and mighty achievement, murmuring in the last illness, "Crept in with mother." And Thomas Carlyle, sage, poet, prophet, thunderer, in old age waiting for his summons, thought himself again in the stonemason's cottage at Ecclefechan, and stroked the face of his niece, bending over him, calling her his "bonny mither." There are times when each one of us craves mothering; cries in heart

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at least for some one who will love me whatever I do, as mother did.

Literature draws some of its sweetest inspiration from this source. Mother love is sweet, and when it is expressed along with the hunger for mothering, such noble stanzas as Edwin Markham's "Hymn to the Divine Mother" carry something akin to the Hebrew psalms in revealing God's personality.

Here opens before us the way to God through mother love and filial upreach. That passion to be mothered which surges in every human heart, that craving for tenderness and personal comforting, that deathless passion which has survived the years since she went home, cannot be wasted. It cannot be that the tenderest thing in the universe is but a phantasy, that it has no meaning, that it passes like a vapor or the breath of air.

In our longing for tenderness and personal help multitudes have felt that good men and women, who struggled and met defeat and achieved victory, might help them in the invisible world, by prayers and personal interest, and so have invoked the saints. I do not know exactly what we mean by "the communion of the saints" in the Apostles' Creed; I do not know what appeal to the dear dead we may have. I doubt not their

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love nor their interest nor their access to God, but here I grope. One thing I do know: if saints may be invoked, if the prayers of the righteous beyond the veil may be heard for us, I know whose prayers I'd rather have than those of any saint in the calendar.

Memory recalls a dreary November night; the drip of rain, the bare chamber of a humble home, a mother speaking to her last born. She puts in his hand the Book of God, marking a life text for him: "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." Then she murmurs low of homegoing. They lift the six-year-old lad up to kiss her as the sweet spirit departs. Yes, if I may invoke saints, I'd rather have her prayers than any other, "O mother o'mine."

Few have succeeded in picturing mother love and its far reach as has Tennyson in "Rizpah." This English peasant woman has a son, high-spirited, full of life and daring. Among his wild, thoughtless companions he is dared to rob the king's mail. He does the foolish thing, taking only a purse to prove to his comrades that he has done the deed. But the king's justice is unerring and he is seized, tried, condemned to be hanged, not only until dead, but after the savage manner of that day, his corpse is to remain on the gibbet till the

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bones drop; this is a warning to others. And poor Rizpah is permitted to see her son; a farewell on the day of execution. Finally they tear her away from his arms, and as the doors close, shutting her away, she hears the cry of the lad, "Mother, oh mother." It turned her poor brain, and after he hung in the chains, and the portions of his body dropped, one by one, she crept out under shadow of the night, and especially of the storms, and gathering them up, buried them in the ground that the priests had blessed, and as she does this task, she talks:

"We should be seen, my dear, they would spy us
out of town;
The wild, black nights are for us, and the storm
rushing over the down,
When I cannot see my own hand, but am led by
the creak of the chain,
And grovel and grope for my son, till I find myself
drenched in the rain.

"Anything fallen again? What was there left to
fall?
I have taken them home; I have numbered the
bones, I've hidden them all—
What am I saying? And what are you? Do you
come as a spy?
Falls?—What falls? As the tree falls so it shall lie.

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"Flesh of my flesh was gone, but bone of my bone was left.

I stole them all from the lawyers—and you, will you call it a theft?

My baby! the bones that had sucked me, the bones that had laughed and cried—

Theirs? O no! they were mine, not theirs; they had moved in my side."

Could a mother feel this, and God not feel more for his erring child? This may disturb our crude theology somewhat; it may expunge some of the paganism still latent in our thinking, but a mother knows that whatever her child may do, her love will persist. And by this token I know that God is full of sorrow and his heart is scarred over with grief for the wrecks of his own. "For are we not all his offspring?" And out of this fact of human love, so vast and defying time, space, and even a child's sin to extinguish it, the heart will murmur, deep down, the unvoiced hope that someday, somewhere, sometime, that love which went to Calvary may find a way of medication and a means of calling back again the pitiful prodigals from the far country and the troughs of sin. Who dares limit the curative power of Omnipotent love, or the atonement of the cross? It may not be written, but we are not forbidden to hope.

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As God is one, fatherhood and motherhood are both in him. The traits and ideals of both sexes are in him. "In the image of God created he him, male and female created he them." The care of God over his own is a mother's care. "Can a woman forget her sucking child? . . . Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee." Rizpah's care for the bones which had moved in her side was but a faint replica of His care who would not suffer a bone of his son's body to be broken. "No man is able to pluck them from my Father's hand" because they are "members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones."

Jesus called himself the "Son of man"; the word "man" is not the appellation of sex; it is equal to "son of humanity." In him the tenderness of the mother heart has met the longing of all who were laboring and heavy laden. Little children leaped into his arms and as the mother bird would call her chicks beneath the protection of her wings, so he longed to "mother" Jerusalem; and as Jesus is, so God is. God is in him; he has for us the value of God. We not only find God through mother but find God to be our mother.

(The ancient church left a tradition that the Holy Spirit is to be regarded and worshiped as the Divine Mother, giving the new birth to

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souls; bringing them into the body of Christ, for everyone becoming Christ's is born of the Spirit. The superhuman tenderness and delicate sensitiveness concerning which we are warned "grieve not the Spirit" is like a feminine trait. The one sin mentioned as having no forgiveness seems to be the sin against such tenderness and love, as though brutality to the Divine Mother is the nadir of evil. And the infinite motherliness of the Holy Spirit gives the new and blessed name, "The Comforter." (Bungling human speech and custom may make necessary the use of the masculine pronoun; but the love and cherishing from the Holy Spirit is true mother love.)

But we need not seek to discriminate between the persons in the great Three-in-One. God is Father; God is Mother; and in Christ and the Holy Spirit we have the fullness of God.

It has long been customary to speak of the church as mother. The term carries something rich, sweet, and real. The prophets idealized Jerusalem and called her mother; Israel was also thus idealized, and in the New Testament the same thought reappears in Christian garb; the church is "the bride of the Lamb." She is to be pure, devoted, rejoicing. As wedlock is for procreation and reproduction, even so

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must the church likewise travail and beget spiritual children. Failing to do this the curse of spiritual barrenness falls upon her. One feels a shadow upon his soul here, remembering the curse for willful sterility. It is expressed in literature in "Paola and Francesca." The scorching words of Lucrezia, the wife denied children, declare that her milk has turned to poison; that she craved the pangs which children brought, and that her "eternal yearning, answered by the wind, has dried in me belief and love and fear." If the church perverts her powers and fails to bring forth spiritual children, fails to save men and women and children, she corrupts the world and her perverted life becomes a curse.

Through motherhood to God! How universal it seems! How easy for the little child to look into the heaven of mother's eyes and see therein the infinite! to look beyond mother to the greater love and tenderness of him who created mother love! Then let whoever will draw from God's motherliness whatever he may. Let the great poet sing: "Come, mighty mother, from thy bright abode." Let the Romanist bow in reverence before the altar and repeat his "Ava Maria ora pro nobis," if therein he finds his way to the heart of the Eternal. We will turn in faith of the older

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tradition, and as our experience teaches us will pray, "Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove, with all thy quickening powers."

Sinful, erring, sorrowful humanity needs the medication of motherhood, a motherhood which is not itself tainted by sin nor mingled with faults, which is omniscient and all powerful, and mighty to save. We seek and find it in the great God who comforts with his own Spirit entering into the warp and woof of ours.

And let this appeal go forth to all women: It is the great function of womanhood to preserve true religion by making religion lovable. And those who become willfully sterile maim their own souls and stop the great sluices of divine love and power which would quicken the earth to life and love.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO AMERICA

(AN ARMISTICE DAY ADDRESS,
November 11, 1923)

We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, ensure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do order and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.—*Preamble to the American Constitution.*

A LEXICOGRAPHER defines "Gospel" (Anglo-Saxon, "God-spell") as "a system of doctrine, the guiding principle of action." We translate the Greek "evangel," meaning good news, into "Gospel," but it has come to have a distinct and definite meaning somewhat different from its origin.

Christianity is a living thing. The presence of Divine Man in the world works out through human beings, and each race presents a differing interpretation of him. The rendition of Jesus Christ into the social fabric of a race is colored by the mentality, heredity, institutions, and traits of that race. The Hebrews, Greeks, Romans each produce a

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differing type of Christianity. Likewise did the Teutonic and the Romance nations. The Anglo-Saxon race has developed a Christianity of its own, and America promulgates its own version of the gospel.

The American version is not only colored by racial characteristics, a blend from the northern European nations, but by the fact of our development in a new continent, unhampered by established religion or entail of property. With America's back to the Old World and her face toward the wilderness, there developed a venturesomeness, an initiative, a daring unknown to the inhabitants of the lands whence our forbears came. The picturesque frontiersmen sent back, not only the gathered riches of forest, river, mine, and plain, but the mental vigor, the bags of intellectual gold in rough nuggets and picturesque alloy from the free life of the wilderness.

The trade winds of democracy blew steadily from the West, sometimes developing into a gale which rocked the established institutions. Jacksonism, Populism, free silver, even prohibition, came from the West, precipitating crises and altering permanently the political institutions of the land. The constant impingement of the products of the West pro-

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duced a new type of manhood, never appreciated until in the World War our doughboys came side by side with the soldiers of Europe. Then they appeared "gamey," self-confident, reckless, with a dash of fatalism, and a well-developed humor which endeared them to all with whom they mingled. America also proved, in the hot crucible of war, to have developed a deep and essential religiousness which was not at all tied up with any sect, creed, or ritual.

The gospel according to America naturally is a civic expression.

It proclaims democracy to be a divine method. Human nature has defects, but it is essentially sound. The people may be depended upon to work out the solution of problems and to deal justly with all men. To make government flexible and adjustable, democracy adopts the representative principle and establishes a republic which rests upon the reliable goodness of human nature. The divine order is to be wrought out through human activity.

This is frankly hostile to the ancient Augustinianism which was recast by John Calvin, the creed of New England, which always distrusted the more radical democracy of Jefferson and the West. But it harmonized with the

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protest which Jehovah made through Samuel to Israel when that people determined to have a king after the fashion of the neighbors in Canaan. It is a principle which, from the Declaration of Independence, has worked like a leaven among the nations, modifying our own Constitution, and finally, through Woodrow Wilson's famous fourteen points, breaking the German alliance into fragments. It was expressed long ago, and by Ralph Waldo Emerson:

“God said, ‘I am tired of kings,
I suffer them no more,
Up to my ear the morning brings
The outrage of the poor.”

“‘My angel, his name is Freedom,
Choose him to be your king,
He shall cut pathways east and west
And fend you with his wing.”

“‘I will have never a noble,
No lineage counted great,
Fishers and choppers and plowmen
Shall constitute a state.’”

Through government by discussion our race has wrought out the five great points of freedom: free speech, free press, free schools, free religion, and free men. It is a slow process:

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sometimes we have muddled through painfully. Its method of choosing its able-man as leader or chief may not always secure the ablest man, but on the whole its century and nearly a half has stood the test, while few other systems have endured without catastrophe through the same years.

The edict of a tyrant may be more speedy; the decree of a dictator may be more efficient, but the slower process develops higher character and a citizenry more able to cope with the exigencies which life brings. Our quadrennial school of government presents features of which we are sometimes ashamed. The methods of political bosses, the manipulations of invisible government, the mud-slinging of bitter partisans are humiliating. It is true that in the ballot box the deposit of Socrates and Sambo counts exactly the same. But the test of the years has proven that despite its defects, democracy has been able to elevate to leadership men of ability sufficient to conduct it through its perils, and that they will rise to power despite the leveling process of the equal ballot. There is a primacy of intelligence and of character sufficient to safeguard the state.

The "more perfect union" of the embryo states was necessary for development, and

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beyond it lay the primal demand of humanity which could only be satisfied by the establishment of justice. Possibly it might be proven that justice is the most precious possession of a citizen. It is essential to the permanence of any government. It is one of the chief glories of Deity, and lies at the heart of religion. It was not without significance that President Harding, at his inaugural, placed his lips upon the utterance of Micah: "What will he have of thee, O man, but to deal justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

America has developed the machinery of justice, despite her revolutionary origin and her long experiment of pioneering upon a lawless frontier. From the nine black-robed men who sit in supreme adjudication to listen to the cause of the humblest citizen, through a variety of courts and judicial tests, down to the children on the playground, who demand that everyone play fair, our people sift one another fine, protecting the weak and heaping the group odium upon the unjust. Our government first of all on earth made the effort to secure to the humblest citizen justice before the law. America protects the rights of minorities and establishes government by law, not by persons.

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Domestic tranquillity and the common defense are such manifest functions of government as scarcely to call for comment. Suffice it to say that America testifies that respect for the rule of the majority is a more certain and safe basis for government than are bayonets, standing armies, and hereditary rulers. The general welfare of all citizens is safer in government of the people and by the people than in the hands of aristocracy or autocrats.

True to the Christian origin, Americanism lays emphasis upon care for the future. "To insure the blessings of liberty to our posterity." Lovers of liberty have always been moved by this great motive. Hampden refused to pay ship money, Cromwell went to war against the royal tyrant, Washington drew his sword under the Cambridge elm for this end. Out of this motive has developed indigenously from a hundred sources simultaneously the system of public schools, and we have carried it on until the high school of to-day, accessible to the children of the poorest, is equal to Harvard College of a century ago. Theodore Roosevelt recalled our people to fealty to this principle in demanding equality of opportunity for every child under the American flag. Our social engineers have

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set themselves, for the sake of posterity, to settle in America the world-long conflict between the "haves" and the "have-nots." To secure the rights of America to work out, unimpeded, this destiny, we sent our sons overseas. We determined that no imperial eagle should overshadow our free land, that the dimpled feet of Americans yet to be born should not walk a pavement of spikes under the domination of imperial tyranny.

Democracy is inherently evangelistic. The sworn foe of all tyranny it cannot hide its light under a bushel. Where our people travel, wherever our flag goes, the gospel of popular sovereignty is proclaimed. The seed scattered among our kinsmen strengthened the ancient English love of liberty until, though under the form of monarchy, Britain herself has become a democracy and her people are our sworn allies in maintaining human freedom. (The climax of our relations with the land of our ancestors came when, July 4, 1918, our flag, the stars and stripes, was flung out with the Union Jack over the Parliament House in Westminster, and "the tale of an ancient wrong" was forgotten forever.)

The gospel according to America is the civic version of that mission which Jesus began to the underlings and oppressed of the earth.

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It may lay claim to his own words: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, . . . to set at liberty them that are bruised." It is the political rendition of the Golden Rule.

Democracy works out eternal principles in human affairs. It humanizes institutions and slowly, but surely, eliminates the exploitation of human beings until all slavery, industrial, economic, political, shall be ended; until even bondage to superstition and fear shall be no more. It slowly finds itself and discovers the means of progress. The enfranchisement of womanhood is the beginning of the end of exploiting children by labor in factories, and is the assurance of the putting of tenderness and kindness into our laws and institutions. The woman heart will accomplish this. American devotion to justice insures that it will solve the problem of poverty, the distribution of wealth more equitably, until every citizen shall be enabled to maintain the American standard of living, and industrious people shall no longer be menaced by want and need in their declining years.

The missionary spirit in democracy, the evangel of Americanism, spreads the principles

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which will bring progress in the social organization as certainly as in the political.

We have arrived at the place where we have little fear of political tyranny. The people of the civilized world will deal with all tyrants. Their very existence brings their downfall, as Ebenezer Elliott sets forth in blazing lines in his "Battle Song:"

"Madmen, they trample into snakes
The wormy clod!
Like fire beneath their feet awakes
The sword of God!
Behind, before, above, below,
They rouse the brave,
Where'er they go they make a foe
Or find a grave."
(Oxford Book of English Verse.)

The gospel according to America, proclaiming liberty to the inhabitants of the central European empires, broke the legions of Germany. Men may jeer at Woodrow Wilson's fourteen points, but the dissemination of these crumbled the imperial power from within and brought the surrender of November 11, 1918. Alas, that through political manipulations America deserted her allies in the hour of greatest need, when the one nation whose principles had been tested,

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and which was trusted, withdrew behind her ocean moat and left the Old World to welter in its own blood and confusion! But the very impetus of our principles, the burning zeal of our gospel of freedom, will in the end identify us again with the world needs and conditions. The sword has sometimes been proved a powerful missionary, but never has its efficacy equaled that of ideas—when the ideas are right.

It is our mission, as we have proved, not only to establish the blessings of liberty for our posterity, but for the posterity of China, of Belgium, whom we rescued; of France, which we saved; and of our foes, of Austria, and even of Germany. Having made the world safe for democracy we must make democracy safe for the world by keeping its ideals high, its practices Christian, and its heart soundly moral.

The gospel according to America also has a religious rendition. It is necessary to make democracy safe for the world or its end will be anarchy.

Three religious facts lie in the heart of this gospel. The first of them is the great basal fact of existence: *God*. "In the beginning God" is the foundation of all government, of all social order. Atheism is disintegration,

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anarchy. No government, no social order, can survive without constant recognition of Divine Presence. Lieut.-Col. John McCrae has expressed the fate of any such social unit:

"I saw a city filled with lust and shame
Where men, like wolves, slunk through the grim,
half-light;
And sudden, in the midst of it there came
One who spoke boldly for the cause of Right

"And speaking, fell before that brutish race
Like some poor wren that shrieking eagles tear,
While brute dishonor with her bloodless face
Stood by and smote his lips that moved in
prayer.

" "Speak not of God! in centuries that word
Hath not been uttered! Our own king are we.'
And God stretched forth his finger as he heard
And o'er it cast a thousand leagues of sea."¹

Human goodness is inextricably bound up in faith in God. The only hope of final triumph over evil is in Divinity. Because God is and is omnipotent, we are confident that the good will win out in the long-drawn contest of the ages. Messiah is to establish the

¹ From *In Flanders Fields*, by John McCrae. Courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers, New York and London.

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triumph of goodness, of justice. "He shall not fail nor be discouraged until he has set judgment [justice] in the earth." The Duke of Weimar spoke as a prophet concerning Napoleon's regime in Germany: "It is wrong, therefore it cannot last." The thing that is wrong is doomed; goodness is cohesive, evil is disintegrating. The Teuton legions went up against an invisible force, such force as the young prophet saw when Elisha prayed, "Lord, open his eyes," and he saw the mountains filled with chariots and horsemen till then invisible. The cosmic forces fight for righteousness. "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera." John saw a great white throne and One sitting upon it, before whose face the heavens and the earth fled away.

Injustice and wrong may prevail for a time, but they are transient. Because there is a just God, Democracy may plod its slow way, making its pathetic mistakes, always impeded by the laggards and the dull-witted, always retarded by exploiters and demagogues, but sure of final victory. Milton's vision expresses it:

"Satan . . . dilated stood
Like Teneriffe or Atlas unremoved;
His stature reached the sky, and on his crest
Sat Horror plumed. . . .

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The Eternal

Hung forth in heaven his golden scales yet seen
Betwixt Astrea and the scorpion sign.

The fiend

Looked up and knew

His mounted scale aloft, nor more—

But fled, murmuring,

And with him fled the shades of night.”

One could almost transfer this picture to the World War's close, were it not for the bathos of contrast between Milton's heroic Satan and the imperial war lord, but there was no bathos in the soldiers dying in the Argonne; in the murder of the worshipers on Good Friday at the shrine of the Saviour of men in Paris; in the thirty million graves resulting from that war. There came a time when the proclamation of democracy's ideals caused the weary nations to look up and see the scales, and the proud emperor who sought world dominion saw them as his doom, and he “fled, murmuring”—over the border in inglorious refuge in Holland.

Democracy's evangel is based upon the proclamation of God; his presence, power, justice. But it does not mean the abolishment of national existence nor the merging of it into internationalism. Nations are not personal-

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ities, but they do possess and exercise some of the functions of separate entities.

Patriotism is religious. It might be irreligious if bigoted or if oppressive to other nations. The argument that Jesus never expressed patriotic sentiments and made no patriotic record has no weight. During his lifetime Israel was in bondage with no freedom of patriotic expression. The Jew's relation to the Roman was like that of Belgium to Germany in 1915-16. The Old Testament throbs with patriotic sentiment; indeed, in it patriotism is almost identical with religion. Israel was isolated to be trained for world service, and other nations have gone through similar training. God developed Greece in culture, Rome in law, as he did Israel in religion. Few students doubt the development of the Anglo-Saxon race in establishing free institutions.

Patriotism is an expansion of the love of family, of home. Our institutions cost sacrifice, suffering; they are stained with the blood of heroes who paid the price that we might inherit them; of men who served and died to bequeath "the blessings of liberty to posterity." They are invaluable to the world, and as such are to be defended, even by war. Let us lift our voices against that blind pacifism which

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has become so popular. Peace is desirable, but only if peace is established in righteousness. A peace which rests upon injustice can but fester and produce misery and evils worse than war.

War is a curse; its after results are often worse than its actual performance, but terrible as we know it to be, there are things worse than war. To be cowardly, to be craven, to submit to the oppressor, to be supine while women are ravished and homes wrecked and little children's future ruined is worse than to draw the sword. Democracy does well to appeal to the Old Testament, to the healthy patriotism of its prophets and to the natural instincts of men to defend their hearths and their fatherland.

The gospel of democracy, of America, also means service. Whatever other forms of social organization may express, democracy must serve. Its government has no other object, no other reason for existence. It serves its own citizenry and also serves other peoples. Thus did our free, peace-loving nation rise in might and smite the Spanish power for its oppression to Cuba. Thus did we serve China, refusing the indemnity awarded us for the Boxer indignities. To serve France and to save her was largely the motive for

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entering the World War. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." In few wars has the idealism and spirit of sacrifice risen to such heights. Our lads going overseas, our statesmen, our people in mass, entered the spirit of sacrifice and of service. Would God we could always live upon a plane as high as this we reached at that time!

We pray that America may enter the League of Nations, may join in establishing the world courts, may do all within her power to bring that day long foretold and prayed for when the "nations, . . . shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." Let us spread the gospel of good will, internationally and otherwise practice the Golden Rule, and go the second mile. But when all this is done, and more, let it not be forgotten that the great principles of righteousness, of freedom, and the institutions of the republic are worthy of our sacrifice, even unto the death. Our soldier dead have consecrated our own continent, and their sacred dust lies in sunny France, a pledge that if again liberty is imperiled; if again men violate faith and discard solemn treaties as scraps of paper while

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they take the highway through unoffending nations to wreck civilization, then again will America appeal to the sword and the arbitrament of the God of battles. And we will forever remember that these soldiers served and died to "secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity."

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And Enoch lived sixty and five years, and begat Methuselah: and Enoch . . . begat sons and daughters: And all the days of Enoch were three hundred sixty and five years: And Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God took him.—*Genesis 5. 21-24.*

PHOTOGRAPHY has been one of the great inventions and notable developments of our day. The motion picture is a marvelous thing, and after we have become accustomed to its wonders we are not quick to deny any possibility claimed for the art. A popular periodical of high literary claims recently interested its readers in composite pictures of a family in which the camera was supposed to bring forth the type which lies beneath the surface in each individual. We have been well prepared for Conan Doyle's ectoplasm and spirit portraits, and even those of us not easily amenable to spiritistic propaganda have been hesitant to deny the possibilities of the camera in catching the invisible and fastening it upon the delicate films.

Portraits have been made by the brush, the chisel, the camera, and also by words. Perhaps the word painter requires no less skill

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than the artist with brush or chisel, and whether the camera can catch the outlines of a spirit or not, the discriminating preacher should be able to fasten upon the mind the outlines of character, leaving an impression no less definite than is left by brush or camera. As the artist perpetuated forever the inscrutable smile of Mona Lisa, so the true interpreter of God's life in man should be able to perpetuate the power of a godly life record, when it lies imbedded in the Word of God.

Word portraits are the only ones surviving from primitive times. The Greeks wrote the names of their heroes in the constellations, perpetuating thereby some traits and memories of them. The grotesque shadows of legend have also shaped the wavering fame of mythical kings and demigods into nebulous outlines which have been placed in the temples of fame. The Hebrew Scriptures, however, have given immortality to the moral outlines of some great souls who will never be forgotten. Though painted only in words they shine with glory which cannot be obscured.

Religion immortalizes men. It is the most fascinating of subjects; though involving confusion, sharp differences, vague conceptions, and sometimes darkening into superstition, men never free themselves of its influence.

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When they think they have cast religion aside forever, lo! their interest is again aroused and their minds rise again and wrestle with its problems. The names and fames surviving from primitive days are with us because of religious interest. Their portraits were taken when the world's morning light fell upon their faces, and they shine with everlasting youth. What a list of them! Moses with the shining face which must be veiled or it would blind the onlookers; Joseph, the dreamer whose visions were realized; Jacob, singing in his decrepitude; Abraham, towering above all men in the stature of his faith. Their names are on the long roll of fame because of their religion, and among them Enoch, who "walked with God." It is only a word picture, but well worth studying, worth trying to reconstruct. We would see the face of one who "was not, for God took him." Surely, it was surpassingly lovely!

Who painted that portrait? Dim as the features are, how far can we reconstruct it and thus look upon the fellow traveler with whom God was well pleased? The anatomist will take a bone and from his knowledge reconstruct the body which he never saw. By this wizardry prehistoric animals have been visualized, and the relics of a famous artist, mingled

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and confused with those of others, were distinguished. The skilled anatomist was able from the skull to rebuild the contour of the face and thus identify the subject. We will seek to reproduce something of Enoch.

We go back to primitive times; the people live in families and their pursuits are simple. Here is Jabal, "father of those who live in tents," and far-off progenitor, not only of Bedouin Arabs but of those whose wanderlust sends them gypsying in the automobile camps of our modern world. Jubal gathered his progeny about him and the shepherd's flute, the taut string, the vibrant air in the willow whistle's tube became the basis for the world's music. Túbalcain's forge roared and the clanging hammers began the orchestration of mechanical progress which has swelled into the anthem of modern mechanics. The influence of woman and the beginnings of romance are recorded in Lamech's fragmentary sword song. Primitive days, but the elements of complex and varied life are there: quarrels, inventions, trades, tools, joys, sorrows, marriage, births, sin, death. They had not the problems of a high-g geared electric age but their difficulties were quite as human and as serious for them as ours are for us.

They plodded along in their slow-going time,

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not traveling afar, but tethered closely at home. Life was monotonous; one mingled with the same people, and that for long centuries, with peculiar disadvantages, for one would know them so well, becoming able to determine their actions from well-grooved traits so that there would be few surprises to break the tedium of the days. When you travel abroad with folks and thus are compelled to associate intimately and solely with them, they "get on your nerves" in quite a wretched way!

It was a day of poverty. For the greater part wealth was not yet created, and "poor folks have poor ways"; however generous they may be in spirit, the privations of poverty put their own strain upon social relations and bring their own petty irritations. There was no labor-saving machinery; the world's work was done by racking muscle and tugging sinew. Family cares bore heavily upon parents. There was but little culture, but honest labor has a cultural value and also a spiritual value, and when the day's toil was over and cares were for a time laid aside, then One who had walked in the garden in the cool of the day came, and "Enoch walked with God."

Enoch must make much out of little. He had no Bible to read; no organized schools, churches nor other institutions of high develop-

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ment as we have. He had no Christ revealed upon the cross, and we know him so well! Of course men must have great resources to become great men? Abraham Lincoln had a vast library? He browsed and collated from a great store of books like the Oxford Bodleian library? No, just a few. Yet Lincoln did very well! And Enoch lived before Jesus wore the seamless robe or stooped under the rood; he had not Moses' law nor our Bible—yet he walked with God! Knowing this, what manner of people we ought to be with the vast cultural and spiritual resources at our command!

By the well-known facts of life we can reconstruct some of the surroundings of Enoch and reproduce some of his traits. There's a heart touch that brings the far-away cave-dweller, and Enoch and his comrades of the early earth morning, into our comprehension. "He begat"—here's the mystery, the glory, the joy of baby life. Enoch lived in the old, slow days, but his heart leaped to the music of his firstborn, and the eternal miracle of life also filled him with awe. Baby fingers twined in his heart-strings and the sweetness of home with childish prattle gave his mind the domestic peace as it does ours.

"Enoch walked with God." A familiar metaphor; its content is not to be reached by

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physical analysis, by enumerating the muscles, tendons, pulleys, joints, bones. However they work, somewhere there is an invisible contact and life pulls at them, lifts the body, directs its movement. At first Enoch must learn to walk with his Great Companion, his Great Father. The mind flashes back to days long past on the Eastern farm. 'Tis a winter morning and the snow is drifted deep between the cottage home and the barns where the cattle are lowing for their morning meal. Father is so much bigger than I—big in so many ways! He comes out of the door and strides through the drifts "breaking a path," and I come after him. How I did try to do things like father! And I try to walk like him. You've seen the little lad do this, and your amusement mingled with pathos; and so I stretched my small legs trying to reach father's tracks. I walked with father, but must walk behind him, except when he grasped my hand and helped me through the drift. The years have drifted over the footprints he made on earth, but his spirit still wraps me in a mantle; I do yet walk with him.

Enoch walked with his Father. And the companionship never grew stale. The jests of the wittiest of companions will pall upon you; the personality of anyone except those

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of your closest kindred or deepest love will become insipid, but not so did this comradeship between Enoch and God. And one day when they'd been walking together down life's Lovers' Lane, as usual—maybe it was in the cool of the evening, maybe at midday—they came to the end of the trail and God said, "Enoch, come in and stay, you need never go back to the old home." "And he was not, for God took him."

There's another thing about Enoch's day that speaks to us. They not only had births, home life, social life, but they died. The old earth is a vast cemetery; its cells ring hollow beneath our tread. History resolves itself into a dried handful of names and dates, and the record reads like the inscriptions on tombstones. Call the roll: "Adam, Abel, Seth, Jared." The graves are there. "Enoch!" Hush! he is not here; he is missing, there is no grave; "God took him."

Now, let us get acquainted with him. An inspired writer tells us that "Enoch had a testimony that he pleased God." This will help recover the picture, for we have the moral outline of the One to whom God bore testimony: "This is my beloved Son." When Saint Sophia, in Constantinople, was the cathedral church of Christendom, an artist

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painted the face of Christ in the great dome whence it always looked down upon the worshiping multitudes. When the hated Moslems captured the city and the brutal Sultan rode his horse into the sanctuary, they painted out the face of Jesus. Of late years the dome is falling somewhat into disrepair and the paint is coming off, and beneath it, dimly but actually, men can again see the face of Jesus. So with any man with whom God is pleased: beneath the human obscurities you may see the strong and beautiful personality of Jesus Christ.

His eyes? Farsighted, telescopic. "By faith" he walked with God and saw "the city with foundations," never losing that goal from his vision.

And I'm sure his walk was unobtrusive and modest. The best life flaunts no banner, sounds no trumpets before it. I'm sure Enoch did not boast of his attainments nor "testify" so that his manner seemed to say, "Is my halo on straight?" The most glowing testimony he ever gave to his spiritual achievements was untainted by boasting." But he never faltered in choice of the road. For him no "Primrose path," no broad and easy way, but the straight and narrow road, the steady plodding, the walk toward the goal.

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the

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counsel of the ungodly," for therein whoso walks will meet many sorrows and defile himself. He will acquire the lockstep of the sinner, which, written into his character, he can never disguise, and which, like the ex-convict from the prison, always betrays him in unconscious moments. Even so the man who walks with God, "catches the step" and this gait and mien also becomes a part of him.

In that immortalizing which religion confers upon human fame a vivid contrast is involved between the confused religions of paganism and that of the Bible. Macaulay, in his "Lays of Rome," pictures the cult of Diana of the Woods (Diana Nemorensis), whose little temple was not far from Rome, and whose priest was called "King of the Woods":

"Those trees, in whose dim shadow
The ghastly priest doth reign,
The priest who slew the slayer
And shall himself be slain."

This priest obtained his office only by murdering his predecessor, and retained the dignity only until someone else should in turn murder him, and thus succeed him. It is a fearsome picture of perverted religion; the dark shadow of the trees; the lonely figure of the priest, walking ever with drawn sword in hand,

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guarding by night and day against an unknown danger which constantly impended and would one day certainly destroy him, all in obedience to some ancient custom of unknown origin, may well typify to us those grim superstitions which have resulted from men's efforts to construct religion without accepting divine guidance and giving ethical obedience.

Without Christ and the Bible faith religion is a mingling of shadows and portents, darkness and terrifying mystery. Men projected their own passions upon the skies and created the gods in their own images, lustful, bloodthirsty, cruel. The very posture of prayer is itself the relic of the hopeless captive falling upon his knees and lifting his hands to be bound. As he fell before the cruel captor in battle so he fell before his deity, and the heroes of such religions flit across the background of history like the king-priest of Diana of the Woods, giving us no help, no hope, no cheer.

The Bible, even in the somberest portions of the Old Testament, written when men were in the kindergarten age and did not yet understand God as they do since Christ came, gives us glimpses of a different race of beings. As over against the king-priest of Diana, look at Enoch the saintly, the kindly, who "walked with God." To understand what it means to

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walk with God, fall in and catch the step. See the deathless procession; hear the tramp of the heroes of faith and fellowship as their tread rings through the ages: tramp, tramp, tramp! keeping step to the invisible music of heaven's harmony; faces shining, hearts pure. Truly "we are encompassed with so great a cloud of witnesses."

"And Enoch walked with God." "And Noah walked with God." "And Abraham walked with God." "And Moses walked with God." "And they without us shall not be made perfect." Fall in!

The religion of the Bible also offers a vivid contrast to other faiths—and to no faith—in the climax, the ending of life. "He was not, for God took him." None of the horrors of Tantalus, of Ixion; none of the gibbering spirits Ulysses summons to drink the blood of the black sheep when he would glimpse the invisible world. Here is none of the elaborate and wearying ritual of the Egyptian Book of the Dead, but majestic simplicity, kindly companionship. Enoch became accustomed to God's comradeship here and in that eternal fellowship passed into the eternal light. "Shadows? No shadows." And through the centuries of groping for better things; amid the pursuit of Egyptians, the raids of Philistines,

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invasion of Babylonians and Assyrians, this assurance lighted the souls of believers. It illuminated the night of Bethel, dispelled the tears of David; it is the Alpha and Omega of our religion, to walk with God.

I fear this expression seems strange to a materialistic age. This is a day when we are in danger of losing ourselves, of losing our souls in the vastness of the universe. Time now stretches so far, space is so vast, measured by parallaxes, the heavens have become astronomical and God is far removed. The world impinges upon us and spiritual realities have become unreal to multitudes and men fight drearily their battles in fog and confusion, quite like Tennyson's description of Arthur's last battle in the west:

"A deathwhite mist slept over land and sea;
Whereof the chill, to him that breathes it, drew
Down with his blood till all his heart was cold
With formless fear: And even on Arthur fell
Confusion, since he saw not whom he fought,
For friend and foe were shadows in the mist;
And some had visions out of golden youth,
And some beheld the faces of dead ghosts
Look in upon the battle.

.

Sweat, writhings, anguish, laborings of the lungs
In that close mist, and cryings for the light,
Moans of the dying, and voices of the dead."

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The hope for us in this confused age of materialism and befogged thinking, when inventiveness has turned toward creating new religion, is in the old, time-tried hope and faith which has ever lighted the pathway of these who would sincerely seek to walk with God. "There is a light which lighteth every man which cometh into the world," and where that candle has been dimmed it can be relighted by entering into fellowship with God.

We need not make a horror of death; nor even a task. Victor Hugo's picture of the death of Jean Valjean carries a great spiritual revelation. While Marius and Cosette are weeping, weeping in penitence because they have misunderstood the strangely noble spirit now poising wings on the borders of the other world, and because of their sorrow at losing him, Jean waves them to quietude: "It is nothing to die," he says. He feels certain that the bishop (who had thrown the mantle of goodness and service over his fierce, wayward, wicked heart transforming him into a saint) would approve him. He refuses a priest and points to the crucifix: "I have a priest," he says. Then, truly, "It is nothing to die." "Enoch was not, for God took him." He just went in with God; went upstairs with God.

A friend tells me the story of a village doc-

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tor in the mountains of eastern Kentucky where the people are very poor. He was not one of the new type of specialists who get great fees and sit in elegant offices while patients throng their waiting rooms, but he drove his old-fashioned "buggy" over mountain roads while people were asleep, fighting death back from the humble homes, bringing new life in. An epidemic came to that region and the doctor fought it day and night, never sparing himself. Many died, but many owed their lives to Doctor Kendall. Finally he was smitten and his wornout, exhausted body could not resist the disease, and the best friend of the villagers and mountain farmers lay dead.

They buried him with the greatest funeral ever known in that region, and when those nearest to him examined his few effects, they found he had gone over his books during his last sickness, and that he had written with his dying fingers on the accounts of the poor, nearly all in fact, "Settled in full."

After "meeting" on Sundays and in casual groups in the village grocery they discussed what honor they could pay to his memory, for they felt heartbroken over their loss. They did not have wealth to erect a costly monument such as they felt would be suitable.

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Finally each one brought a bowlder from his home and they built a rough cairn by the grave. My friend said when they had told him the story they took him up the mountainside where in God's acre, under the laurel and the wild roses, the doctor sleeps, and showed him the rude monument built by their loving hands. They had taken the sign down from the staircase leading to his attic office, and it hangs upon the monument:

DR. KENDALL

OFFICE UPSTAIRS

Enoch will be found upstairs with God, where also are those who give their lives in service to others. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." He who walked with disciples to Emmaus will walk with humble believers now, and when the veil is dropped he has said, "I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

This portrait is a spirit picture—a spiritual picture; the lines are waveringly drawn, but the loving heart will recognize the likeness and be helped to take upon itself the image and superscription.

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And this word, yet once more, signifieth the removing of those things that are shaken, as of things that have been made, that those things which are not shaken may remain. Wherefore, receiving a kingdom that cannot be shaken, let us have grace [thankfulness] whereby we may offer service well pleasing to God with reverence and awe, for our God is a consuming fire.—*Hebrews* 12. 27-29—(American version).

A THEOLOGICAL war is on; the Big Berthas are thundering; the poisonous gases envelop us; shock troops charge over No Man's Land, and we who would fain be noncombatants find our dugouts invaded and ourselves turned out into the trenches, threading the duckboards and dodging the "ash cans." None is sufficiently rash to prophesy when a treaty may be signed which will recast the boundaries of the religious groups with which we have been familiar in our generation, nor what will remain of once familiar landmarks.

The human mind is impelled toward reality. Facts only are safe. In our pathetic efforts to administer justice we put fallible men and women under solemn oath to "tell the truth,

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the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," though we well know this to be impossible.

The impulse to think and to explore cannot be eradicated, and will apply itself to religious facts as certainly as elsewhere. Religion never ceases to attract rational beings; its interest is inexhaustible, fascinating, permanent.

The normal soul instinctively approves the higher moral values and disapproves the lower. That function may be dull, blunted, restrained, confused, but it is always approving or disapproving, contrasting, judging. It is the assize of God, the judgment seat of Christ in every soul.

Truths are never contradictory. Our apprehension of truth is partial, fragmentary, our comprehension limited, but we must take the risk whenever our moral sense pronounces it to be truth.

One difficulty of this confused modern day is that we must in many things construct our own morality. The Bible grew up in times younger than ours; it contains principles, but we must discover and apply them in conditions vastly different from those in which the Book was written. It is a far cry from Mesopotamia to Los Angeles. Living is highly complicated; the soul has grown greatly in stature. Every generation must provide its own sup-

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plement to the Ten Commandments, and it is no small task to get the religious facts and principles of the Bible, tangled with ancient cosmology, psychology, and unscientific beliefs, into the high-g geared semi-scientific life of the day.

I. THE PROCESS OF REACHING REALITY

First of all, the process is a search. "Seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you," is inscribed on many doors. Truth must be sought after and all findings must be approved or rejected, using that divine faculty which approves the higher values. He who would find reality must devote himself to the search as did the Knights of the Round Table to their quest for the Holy Grail. He must be fearless, willing to accept truth wherever he finds it, and determined to obey it. Our physical safety is in obedience to whatever facts of the physical world have a relation to us. The same law obtains in spiritual things. The only way of progress for the world or for the individual is to seek the truth, find it, and obey it implicitly.

Such devotion, in its highest form, is worship. The human spirit naturally reverences reality. The astronomer, the chemist, the explorer in every realm, seeking diligently for reality is

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factually in prayer, and if he will but turn this energy of his soul toward the experience of God in his own moral life, he will consciously pray.

In seeking reality we must discriminate. That sifting faculty, that instinct which approves the higher moral values, tests the principles seized by the mind. It determines between transient and permanent. Some real things are but temporary and must pass away. To reach a high perception of truth we must form our conceptions carefully; sometimes they must be tested in practice. The final test of Truth is not some miraculous voice, approving or disapproving, but the reaction of our own consciousness, accepting or rejecting the valuation as supreme or inferior. (That which commands my own moral approval has authority over me.)

There is also the social test. An authoritative test of moral or religious truth is its effect upon our fellow men. Pragmatism has tremendous logic and a mighty appeal. If the effect is wholesome, if it makes character which we approve, if it serves mankind, the presumption is strong for it. Jesus declared—"I am among you as one that serveth."

This continuous process of approving or rejecting involves

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II. THE INEVITABILITY OF CHANGE

Change is the unfailing result of life. Man has rebelled against this inexorable fact with pathetic persistence. The words he loves best are its opposite. "Firm," "steadfast," "immovable," "eternal"—these are his first-class adjectives, just as "shifty," "unstable," "transient," are at the bottom of the value scale. But change is the hallmark of life. Lucretius wrote truly—"Everything is on the move." Science has given us a universe which is a stupendous dance of atoms.

We lose our children as much by their living as by their dying. Where is the two-year old with whom you romped? Life forces readjustments, brings new responsibilities, new demands, and new interpretations. Life is dynamic and cannot be static. (All intellectual products are flavored by transience, and this is as true of religion as of other activities in which the human intellect functions. Conceptions and interpretations of religion must change because they are the product of life.)

New issues arise; new problems are met, and the religious aspect of them must be defined. The eternal realities are there, glorious in their changelessness, but man is ever changing, moving on to new experiences, developing

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new powers, meeting new exigencies. As our perceptions widen, the universe becomes a new universe to us. The stars are old, but we have revised our astronomy. The Christian faith was one thing to the disciples who sat at the feet of Jesus, another thing to the groups formed in far-away Gaul after his death. In every age men have been seeking fresh things in it and in him, seeing with the special brand of eyesight they brought to it, an eyesight colored by temperament, by race, by knowledge. Every race, every individual, produces its own type of Christianity.

Religious institutions must also change. This accords with the text and with Chapters 9 and 10 of the Epistle to the Hebrews.

The letter itself, by an unknown author, replies to a searching and insistent question. Christianity is challenged; it proposes to supersede the ancient religion of the Bible itself. Its right is demanded, its credentials inquired into. Here stands the old religion with majestic temple, costly altars from which the smoke of sacrifice ascends continually; it has a stately ritual, a time-honored priesthood, a God-given law. These things were divinely approved; they meet the test of the discriminating power of the mind, they have a wholesome and firmly established historic back-

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ground. They have met the social test likewise. Why change them?

The writer replies: These things are but shadows, husks, germs. They are "created things," they are shaken; they wax old and are to be folded and laid away. In their place is a vital religion, a spiritual reality. The transient system of forms, rites, ceremonies, passes away, the eternal kingdom of spiritual realities is here, the kingdom of truth, of spiritual experience. The living Christ becomes the institution of worship; he is the great Christian fact.

This declaration, that ancient, hallowed institutions change and pass away, was as startling to men of the older civilization as the passing of mountains or seas. That time-honored religious interpretations must change is still a shock; and insistence upon the fact still arouses hostility in their intellectual posterity.

Changes in physical knowledge must affect the psychic world. The discovery of radium turned the world topsy-turvy. Copernicus pushed the vestibules of space back while geology read the word of God from the flinty pages of the rocks adding uncounted ages to history's record. Chemistry resolves matter into electrons, and must be adjusted corre-

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spondingly, and after a time the theological implications are brought into religious life. Systems of thought are but trellises on which the mind climbs, and when the premises upon which they are based are swept away the scaffoldings fall.

The removal of the transient must follow. Nature provides for the dissolution of organic beings when life departs, and even the inorganic may be dissipated and the form changed, but the process is not agreeable. The mind naturally shrinks from unfamiliar habitations, and objects to separation from the old. We become accustomed to certain formulæ, to a system of ideas, and feel comfortable therein. As men grow older they resent being turned out of a familiar thought habitation and being forced to rebuild a new one. When a man becomes aged he likes the comfortable, familiar ideas, especially in religion, as he likes his old slippers and lounging robe by the evening grate; he resents being tumbled out of his hut and forced to rebuild it in gusty days with aged hands.

Yet even the Bible records the removal of comfortable and well-established institutions of religion. The ritualism of the Temple was superseded by the ethicism of the prophets, not without hot resentment and a long struggle.

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Likewise, Judaism gave place to Christianity, and Roman Catholicism found itself displaced by Protestantism. In our present day the crowding exuberance of life is cracking the old habitation, sloughing it off, bringing in new interpretations and forcing readjustments, whereat there is much groaning in spirit, some hurling of epithets, and occasionally some bold teacher is cast out of the synagogue. And some fear that the ark of God will be taken; but life must bring change with all its consequences, whether we are happy in it or not.

Some things removed. Life and time put an end to the reign of the ancient gods. Rome gathered and enshrined them in the Pantheon in her proud eclecticism. Then a Jewish Youth, judicially murdered, became the object of world-wide adoration, and his execution was transformed into a religion which drove out the last of the gods. "A Gallic soldier thrust his spear into the nostrils of the fallen statue of Jupiter."

The Hebrew system faded and dissolved. How far distant we are from it is realized only if you would contrast the worship of Jesus' day with that even of the Jews in ours. For the simple worship of the unseen God as you are familiar with it, conceive the multitude of kneeling worshipers, the brazen altar, the

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robed priest with a great knife. The dumb beast is brought in, and as an act of worship the priest thrusts the knife deep into its jugular vein, the blood flows, the attendants lay the body upon the altar and it is burned. Worship? To us it would be but slaughter. Only in far-off, obscure lands of the most benighted could such worship be performed to-day.

Religious conceptions have also changed. In the most spiritual part of the Old Testament, the book of Psalms are poems so bitter, so full of cursing, so bloodthirsty, that you would shrink from reading them to your family. The writer of one of these had apparently seen the horrors of war as it was waged in Belgium. After cursing Babylon, his country's all-powerful enemy, his mind recurs to the awful scene and he cries: "Happy shall he be who taketh and dasheth thy infants upon the rocks." This religious conception has vanished in the presence of Him who stretched out his arms to all children, Jewish and heathen, and said, "Suffer the little ones to come unto me."

Time fails me to discuss all of these conceptions, once sanctioned by religion, but now superseded. (Polygamy, slavery, witchcraft, all "having been shaken," were taken away.) The doctrine of a specially favored people gave way to the Pauline: "God hath made of one

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blood all nations," and its consequence: "All men are brethren."

Neither need it be thought strange that the mechanical idea of verbal inspiration should pass away, superseded by the vital. In Jesus' day the Scriptures were held in superstitious veneration. Texts were written out and made into amulets with supposedly magical efficacy to cure diseases or prevent calamity. When the first New Testament writings appeared it would seem that the writers made no claim to inspiration. They were only concerned in narrating or interpreting correctly the things concerning the wonderful life of Jesus and his influential death. They wrote naturally and in colloquial marketplace Greek. The American version is without a doubt better than anything this side of the original documents in conveying the actual gospel message. Tynedale had the right idea when he declared that he would make it possible for every plowboy in England to read the Bible; he would put it into the language of the common people—exactly what the original writers did. But gradually the veneration felt for the Old Testament was extended to the writings now called the New Testament. A new and artificial estimate was gradually placed upon them. To speak of them or deal with them as with other

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literature was considered irreverent; they were "holy," "inspired." Finally these oracles were chopped up into seven thousand nine hundred and fifty-seven arbitrary paragraphs, each containing a sentence or less, treatment which prevents the reader from getting the real meaning of the writer, changing lucid literature into an incoherent assemblage of texts. Gradually the view obtained that every part of the library bound up together and now called the Holy Book, was of equal authority with every other part. Had not all been dictated by God? The writings were "inspired, inerrant, infallible." The human element was forgotten.

This conception must eventually disappear. Sane scholarship has applied to the Scriptures the same methods of study used in other literatures, and we are recovering the freshness, the naturalness, the life within the writings. Inspiration is not of the literature but of the person, and the writings are laboratory records of the experience of the writers. They can be understood only by asking, as of any other literature, "What did this mean to the people to whom it was written or spoken?" Let us welcome any version in modern language, hoping for one so readable that the reader may forget that it is a translation.

Another notable conception passed, but has

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frequently been revived. The Jews, believing themselves to be the chosen people, expected a Messiah who would establish an earthly kingdom. Of necessity they thought in nationalistic terms. Their prophetic writings became turgid with apocalypics. The disciples of Jesus were plainly under the glamour of Messiahism. They sought to wear crowns and sit on thrones; one of their last inquiries of Jesus was, "Wilt thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?"

The record they finally left concerning him blends political and spiritual Messiahism. Long after his death they expected his physical return; even Paul participated in this expectation, but Jesus did not come thus. Either they had not understood him, had not reported him correctly, or his return was in a different form. Every succeeding century has witnessed a revival of Adventism, and many hearts have grown sore watching for his return in the body to establish his kingdom.

When evils are rife and men suffer greatly, the tendency has ever been for discouraged religious enthusiasts to become despondent and to look for an end of all things. A missionary in Mesopotamia sent home the translated transcript of an Assyrian tablet, 2800 B. C.: "Our earth is degenerate in these latter days. There

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are signs that the world is speedily coming to an end. Children no longer obey their parents. Every man wants to write a book. The end of the world is evidently approaching." Christian Messiahism directs this misanthropy toward the advent of the Lord Jesus. Having failed in saving the world by spiritual means, he will come and use force. But against this oft-exploded idea stand the stubborn facts of modern science and the plain inference that the world is only in its morning and its faults and crudities are yet largely to be worked out. The dispensation of the Holy Spirit is not a failure.

The old conception of a God working through direct action is being removed and is replaced by that of God working through law. He is now seen coming up through the roots of being and lifting the world up to a higher plane: "Some call it evolution, and others call it—God."

The conception of the eternal, physical punishment of the finally impenitent has been shaken and removed. Jonathan Edwards' famous sermon upon "The Sinner in the Hands of an Angry God" would be preached only to vacant pews in this day; people would not listen, for they do not believe it. In place of a *Deus ex Machina*, we have a God who is in

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us, with us, participating in our sorrows and our griefs. Penalty is real for wrongdoing, and the consequences of sin are appalling, but they are found in accelerated degeneracy and in the consciousness of the deep criminality of the sin against love rather than in physical torture.

Life brings changes, and these changes involve religious thought and institutions. They involve the removal of the transient and the finding of the "things which remain"—which are permanent—the spiritual realities.

III. DANGERS IMMINENT

Changes in religious conceptions and interpretations involve dangers of subtle perversions and wrong attitudes which may prove destructive.

Resting in half truths. A half truth or a truth half understood may be as dangerous as a falsehood. It is right to devote the mind to the discovery of and to complete obedience to truth, but this attitude must be safeguarded. Truth must be tested, and the individual's own life and opportunity are not sufficiently extended for a reliable test. There is what might well be called "inherited truth"—the collective experience of the race, largely won by truth seekers and by that selective ability

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of the race which rejects the inferior and fallacious. The mind must think in accord with certain fundamentals. To establish personal arbitrary standards with indifference to the experience of the race and to the great moral and spiritual facts which have been won by it, would be to set ourselves adrift upon the Seven Seas without rudder, sail, or compass. The experience of the race, of its best, has authority over us until we have found a superior authority. The Legislature of Connecticut was on solid philosophical ground when it enacted that "The laws of the Bible shall govern this colony until we can enact better ones."

There is always danger of accepting half truths and resting therein. The popularity of evolution which has won the devotion of a "mixed multitude" who have thought nothing through is an instance. Naturalistic evolution which would reduce the universe to mechanical and physical phenomena is but a half truth; it ignores the vast realm of spiritual facts. The educators of youth should consider this danger. "Educo" means "to lead out." Into what? Always into reality, into the real world; and anything which stops short of full reality spells disaster.

Deifying change. The multiplication of discoveries and inventions, the rapid changing of

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conditions of life, have gone to the brain of our race; intoxicating us. Change has been made into a god and set up in the temple of life. Dignifying it by the term "evolution," the apostles and priests of the New declare that whether we will or no we are being lifted up into the highest and holiest. Instead of thinking things through we leave it to "evolution." Instead of making things better by painful toil and effort, we leave it to "evolution." Personal responsibility is displaced by blind confidence in the new deity. Instead of supplicating a Father-God we are to trust an abstraction, a theoretic process. Since all things change and all changes are for the better, guaranteed by evolution, then the more rapidly we change the sooner will we reach the millennial goal. Our foot is on the accelerator. We don't know where we're going, but we're on the way. The more we hurry the sooner we'll enjoy the thrill of discovery. The Japanese commits hara-kiri, the American commits hurry-scurry—both suicidal. The thing that is new is sacred and the experience of the race is to be discarded as soon as possible. There is danger of intellectual anarchy here, to be followed speedily by moral chaos. The sound mind is not seeking new things, but true things.

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Two tendencies work in a healthy social order. Radicalism nourishes initiative, promotes change, makes new discoveries; freshens life and leads the race forward. Unrestrained it would bring anarchy. Conservatism holds fast to the things won by the heroes, martyrs, reformers of the race, and unrestrained would make the social order static. The two forces are needed, are essential to human welfare, but need to be kept in equilibrium. Centrifugal force would throw the earth afar off into space; centripetal force would drop it into the sun; either unrestrained would blot out all life, but the two hold it in equilibrium. On the apex of these antagonistic forces the sphere rides on, making its time—table to a second through millenniums of years, bearing myriads of living creatures upon its green breast.

Closing the mind is an imminent danger. Some grow awearied with forever testing, always readjusting. They close their minds to the clamorous knockings and become static. Prejudice shuts the mind completely. It is deadly to progress and to growth. Race prejudice, political prejudice, religious prejudice, dwarf and strangle the soul and prevent healthy action and progress.

For men to devote themselves to the main-

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tenance of theories, doctrines, principles which have ceased to be relevant to human needs or issues—this is tragedy. Such an act cuts a man off from his fellow men and makes spiritual contacts impossible. He lives in a different world and thinks in unintelligible concepts. Doubtless truth was upon one side in the supralapsarian controversy, but what of it now? Of what use for a religionist to go about vociferating his views upon that issue? He would be unintelligible to his fellow men; they would call him a “nut,” and would not listen to his “gibberish.”

To continue emphasizing obsolete doctrines which do not concern the present world; to reiterate continually “things that are shaken” and which bear the sentence of removal will but endanger other truths which are relevant. Those who see the triteness, the deadness of those corpses we lug with us, will distrust the things we hold which are alive. Henry Sidgwick, noted and honored in Britain, gave up his faith in Christianity because of the mistake of the apostles regarding the second coming of Jesus. He believed that as they were mistaken in that, they could not be trusted in other things, a sad but not surprising decision.

To close the mind, to refuse the light, to

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become static—this is moral dry rot, and its end is intellectual suicide.

The danger of shallowness. We are compassed with a multiplicity of things to entertain and to distract the mind. The average man or woman gets little time for reflection; for many people, thinking is a lost art. We do not even select the objects of our attention, but the daily newspaper thrusts into our minds a pabulum of scandal and propaganda, of skillfully “doctored” “news” and of raw eroticism. Our spare time is given to the motion pictures in which we gaze upon the shadows of highly advertised “stars” whose actual scintillations would be emanations of darkness if morality could be visualized.

“Hoi polloi” pastures the mind in leisure hours upon information and amusements selected for us on the basis of conjectured popularity. We are even taking our religious thinking by radio, under the theological and spiritual selection of the pure and wholesome (?) daily press!

Many forces shape the community mind which rests in common idleness and mere imitativeness, feeling but little of the generous impulses of many strong individuals to make the best of each other. We abound in the “stunt,” the “slogan,” the prepared, overdone

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boom in one or another kind of entertainment. There is a general triflingness and mediocrity of life which is discouraging because it gives so little opportunity to arouse the really great things of the soul. We sorely need more richness and diversity in personality, more individual courage in shaping our lives, and from this would come more real leadership, for lack of which the world heads toward ruin. Progress must creep until we think more deeply.

IV. THINGS THAT REMAIN

Despite the changefulness of all created things there are foundations which are unshaken. Here I must emphasize: "fundamentals" are not matters of creed or opinion. Nothing is fundamental in the right sense unless it is vital, pertains to life.

Human nature is unchanged. The race has grown, developed, but the essentials, the basal human stuff, is unaltered. From the Cro-Magnon to Abraham Lincoln, men think, feel, will, and are conscious of right and wrong. They may think crookedly, feel in varied ways, will weakly, and conscience may be perverted or uneducated, but all these characteristics are the same in Californians as they were in Chaldeans. Aristotle dealt with the same human stuff as did Benjamin Kidd. And

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this human nature is essentially religious; it craves God, and for it, for mankind, religion has a permanent interest which compels attention.

The conscious ego, the "I," must be the beginning of knowledge. From that point of self-consciousness it goes out to discover and appropriate the various facts of existence, soon learning that others exist, that a phenomenal universe exists, and discovering the laws of relationships toward all other beings. Social obligations are discovered, and, facing the fact of God, religion comes to expression in worship, praise, ritual, and service.

The method of reaching reality is unchanged. All men stand in exactly the same relation to God; moral processes are alike open to each and all. Search, discrimination, test, devotion to truth, obedience to truth, these remain.

"Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
A lowly and a contrite heart."

God remains. The mind, after becoming conscious of self and of a world "not-me" asks, "Whence?" The answer is "In the beginning God." Rational beings must thank God. The universe compels it.

For centuries men saw on the cliffs of Mesopotamia many chiseled arrowlike marks, and

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tried in vain to decipher them, feeling certain that they conveyed a message. By and by in the Nile delta the Moabite stone was found, bearing an inscription in two known languages and another face covered with these strange hieroglyphs. When scholars had read the two, they found them to be the same thing in the different tongues; by their aid they deciphered the third and thus gained the key to the cuneiforms on the Assyrian cliffs. For ages cattle had browsed beneath these stone pages which carried them no meaning. But when men read them they knew they were placed there by others possessed of intelligence like ours; no animals had carved them. Likewise the mind, finding this a universe which has been thought through, recognizes behind it a Great Spirit-God.

By his continual, patient revelation of himself through prophets, seers, parental love, nature, and through Jesus Christ, our views of God have grown. To us he is not the deity of the Shaman nor of the fetish worshiper, nor even the imperial Deity of the Old Testament, but the Father-God revealed through Jesus Christ and our own hearts. And from this fact of God the race, aided by social relations, has developed the institutions of law, order, government. It is a fundamental be-

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cause it affects life. Nothing is correctly called a fundamental which does not affect life and character. Our growing knowledge of God compels and aids in making readjustments and in creating social institutions. God is fundamental.

In the childhood of the race men could think of God only in terms of government and direct action. As the race grew in comprehension and he continued to crowd the revelation of himself upon them, and the association with fellow men forced ethical requirements into their consciousness, they came to higher and better conceptions. Now we know him as an immanent Presence, not an arbitrary Autocrat governing by direct action and special interposition, but as a Father governing through laws which we constantly search out, whose laws are the outgrowth of his own nature and in whose love we are secure. God is our Father; all we are brethren. The great sin is unbrotherliness; the real law is the law of love, and conduct is to be by the Golden Rule.

Jesus Christ. The third fundamental, approached from the side of thought, is Jesus Christ. The revelation of God could never have been full and worthy without him. Our damaged, enfeebled, faulty race, worthy and

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great as it is, failed to attain the knowledge of God without which it can never reach its goal. So "God sent his Son into the world, that the world might be saved through him." He revealed the Fatherhood of God and the law of love. He is the basis of the new race, the reconstructed manhood. He is the revelation of manhood and takes up into his own personality the individuals who will affiliate with him through love of the truth and obedience to it—to him.

Jesus Christ is God-Man. The perfect man, he has for us the value of God. The question concerning his birth and physical derivation is irrelevant; his divinity is in his personality, in his character, and is tested by his life and by what he did and still does for us. We will say with Richard Watson Gilder:

"And if Jesus Christ is a man
And only a man, I say,
That of all mankind I will cleave to him
And cleave to him alway;
But if Jesus Christ is a god,
And the only God, I swear,
I will follow him through earth
And sea and sky and air."¹

These three things are the fundamentals.
Within their content men's opinions, their

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grasp of the truth, may vary. Their views may differ, but the moral welfare of the world is built hereon. The existent actual self must devote itself to seeking and obeying the truth; it must come to know and obey God, and whatever is worth while belongs to and is a part of Jesus Christ and his administration. One fact is worthy of further reference. It is not a fundamental, but an observation for encouragement and hope. As the mind asks "Whence?" likewise it asks "Whither?" The question of destiny will not be silenced. Details are not given us, but this remains, namely:

The fact of progress. That blind trust in evolution is dangerous does not negative the fact that by human cooperation with the Divine, by steadfastly working out our destiny in harmony with the great laws of being, we move toward a goal. Life has a goal; the heart has a goal. We may not be blind, fatalistic evolutionists; neither are we defeatists. God has undertaken the sorrows, the tutelage, the salvation of the race. He has this universe thought through. By earnest cooperation with him we bring forward his kingdom. There may be here and there rescissions, occasional defeats which for a time look like wreck and overthrow, but since Jesus Christ took upon himself this nature of ours

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for the leadership of the race, our destiny is certain. The waves may seem to fail, but the tide will sweep in,

“On the far reef the breakers
Recoil in shattered foam,
While still the sea behind them
Urges her forces home.
Her song of triumph surges
O'er all the thunderous din,
The waves may break in failure
But the tide is sure to win.

“Oh, the reef is hard and cruel,
Upon its jagged wall,
One wave, a score, a hundred,
Broken and beaten fall;
Yet in defeat they conquer,
The tide comes surging in,
The waves may be defeated
But the tide is sure to win.

“Oh, mighty sea, thy message
In changing spray is cast,
Within God's plan of progress
It matters not at last
How vast the shores of evil,
How strong the tides of sin,
The waves may be defeated
But the tide is sure to win.”

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“I will permit him that is victorious to take his seat beside me on my throne, just as I have been victorious and taken my seat beside my Father on His Throne” (Goodspeed, Rev. 3. 21).

GIFTS OF HEALING

To another . . . gifts of healing.—1 *Corinthians* 12. 9.

For Jews insist upon miracles and Greeks demand philosophy, but we proclaim a Christ who was crucified, an idea that is revolting to the Jews and absurd to the heathen, but to those whom God has called, whether they be Jews or Greeks, a Christ who is God's power and God's wisdom.—1 *Corinthians* 1. 21, 22 (Goodspeed's translation).

ALL living things are modified by growth. Rational beings are responsible to obey all the laws of life. It is a prime duty for us to discover these laws in order that we may obey them, and their discovery is a part of divine revelation.

The universe responds to our efforts to discover and use the laws and facts which constitute it. We are a part of the great unity of Creation, fitting into it and of necessity we must explore it. Our progress, development, welfare, even our continued existence upon the earth, are involved in our discovery of the laws and processes of nature and obedience to them. No magic, ritual, conjuring, no extra-natural process can be substituted for this universal relation. The discoveries, the

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facts, are for use when we obey the laws of their existence, and man, subject to these relations, controls the world. "He has put all things under his feet." But he can neither deny them, disregard them, nor substitute anything else for them. We must accept the universe.

No phase of religion should be ridiculed. Every man's religion is sacred to him, and however absurd it may seem to others, it is to be treated with respect. Shamanism and fetish worship were the spiritual life of those who practiced them, however poor and unsatisfactory they appear to us with our superior knowledge. The beginnings of religion are often found in fear; it is an elementary factor in the interpretation of Deity and our responsibilities toward him.

Idolatry was infantile. Its childishness is scorched by the hot words of a great antagonist in Isaiah 44, where the prophet pictures how the woodsman cuts a tree; with part he builds a fire to warm himself, with part he cooks his dinner, and of the rest he makes a god to worship! The poor heathen divided his activity: one part he gave to necessity, one to comfort, and one to sanctity. Though childish intellectually, he made a large place for religion and the sanctities of life.

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The Hebrews outgrew this idolator, whose worship they finally repudiated and hated. But their Jehovah was a national God. They thought of him in terms of patriotic devotion and his expected favor was shown in national blessings. Men who would participate in them must become Jews.

The anatomist has shown us that in our bodies we carry physical survivals of a humble ancestry. He convinces us that we have dormant muscles which once moved flapping ears; prehensile tails now unusable, and rudimentary organs which have long passed into desuetude. The same is true of us mentally. Ancestors long lost in the past touch us with their ghostly hands; influence us with their fears and hopes and affect us in many ways. The involuntary shudder at sight of a snake is a heredity which stretches far back into days when our forebears had ample reason to fear this deadly enemy.

In religion we likewise carry vestiges of ancestral ideas. Much Judaism, much naïve childishness of Christian origin, some heathenism, still survive in our religious interpretations. Feuerbach describes one of the popular mystery plays, acted in the churches of the Middle Ages. The Most High, an old man, is shown in a slumber—in fact, he is sleeping

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off a drunken spree. Servants arouse him. "Almighty, those rascally Jews are killing your son." He bestirs himself: "Devil take me if I knew it, I must attend to them." But is that really a cruder survival than Jonathan Edwards' notable sermon upon "The Eternity of Hell Torments"? or the teachings of his "Sinner in the Hands of an Angry God"?

The Jews, monotheists but interpreting God in terms of nationalism, and influenced by apocalyptic literature, to expect a catastrophic end to the heathen dominion, demanding of Jesus a sign. Herod, under the same psychology, hoped that Jesus would perform some prodigy in his presence. All who held the Messianic hope would have some miraculous tokens authenticating him. Their minds were so saturated with that expectation that they could not accept any other certification of him as a Teacher sent from God.

Jesus did not encourage this overstimulated, miracle-mongering state of mind. He said, "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead," and the event proved his statement. Moral and spiritual truth are more convincing than prodigies. "Many believed on him because of the works he did, but Jesus did not trust himself to them." It

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was not the kind of belief in him that he could trust. It was not grounded in his character and personality, but in the spectacular, sensational "works," and was of little value.

To these people God was an Oriental Monarch raised to the n^{th} power. His action upon the world was not through laws and spiritual forces, but through direct action. They had no conception of a universe governed by laws which we must discover and obey, and their apocryphal miracles awaken pity; some are absurd, some tawdry, nearly all are pathetic. Not infrequently a so-called miracle is selfish when scrutinized in the light of Christian ethics.

Such a condition of mind is perfectly possible even in disciples of true religion. The impact of the invisible, spiritual world upon undeveloped minds constantly under the pressure of the menacing powers of nature results in imperfect and distorted interpretations. The history of Israel, the best nation in the world, records the deeds of necromancers, the offering of human sacrifices, and the slaughter of women and babes, declared to be by divine command.

It is not surprising that even now traces of these crudities persist among us, that quacks, astrologers, palmists, mediums, and a variety

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of bootleg religions abound, even patronized by our intelligentsia. A popular woman's club in a neighboring city maintains a department of Solar Magnetism; a sign, "Mental Wireless," adorns an inviting apartment. To many in this day of enlightenment God is a Specter of the Brocken, and faith-healing seems to some devout Christians to be an integral element of Christianity. In one of the largest temples of worship dedicated to him in this city of a million people, meetings for "healing" are held semiweekly, manipulated to feed curiosity and draw the multitude, through skillfully arranged spectacular accoutrements. There is maintained in this "tabernacle" an "upper chamber," wherein, we are informed, prayer is literally made without ceasing, the worshipers voluntarily replacing each other. I saw something similar in the Church of the Perpetual Intercession, in Jerusalem, where the visitor at any hour, day or night, sees two shrouded nuns kneeling and praying before the altar. They serve in relays of two hours.

It is a great but slowly attained achievement for religion to leave these pitiful survivals behind, to eliminate them. The pinnacle of manhood was reached by the heathen told of by Miss Kingsley. After long years of reli-

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gious efforts with fetishes, Shamans, idols, he finally brought together the pitiful tools of his religious craft, built a great bonfire and threw the last relic and instrument of superstition upon the flames. Then he lifted his hands upward to the sky and said: "Now I will meet my God like a man."

When we outgrow childish things we should achieve a religious experience superior to dependence upon miraculous interpositions. We must learn to adjust ourselves to the universe of law, and find God immanent, always working in and with us. Our religion should be ethical, its chief concern being, not to experience some thrilling special divine manifestation, but to ascertain the will of God, to come to the knowledge of God as it is manifested in the universe, and to work out that will among men. In other words, the chief concern of our religion should be human welfare, not startling manifestations.

God is always working himself into human life and affairs, ever revealing himself in varied ways that men may come to know him. By continuously entering the race he lifts it upward. Despite the regressive eddies, "humanity sweeps onward." There is a goal of achievement for the individual and for the race; it is found in "the measure of the stature of the

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fullness of Christ." He was not only divine, but he was the ideal Man. The divine help is ours to achieve a sound mentality and spiritual adulthood. Through the divine help we are to acquire spiritual sanity and be freed from shadows, superstitions, childishness.

We are to increase in personality through Christ. He replenishes, corrects, adds to us the virtues and strength which are his. This crucified, sacrificial Man, is to us "the power of God and the wisdom of God." His healings and other miracles were but the occasional outflashings of that supreme personality which has impressed the world with his Godhood; the power that animates nature, controls nature, is nature. We have all known men of such tremendous personality that they were able to achieve things impossible to us. In all generations there have been God-sensitive persons, consecrated to him and so sympathetic with men that they have wielded a real though imperfect control over the physical processes of life. You have known physicians whose very presence seemed to drive back the black wings which were already a waft of death in the sick chamber. Jesus energized and produced in much greater degree some such supernatural phenomena, but they were never

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intended to take the place of the laws and processes of nature and of human life.

This interpenetration of our personality by his is attained in varying degrees, and, alas! by some is not attained at all. "To those who are called," says the text. To those who possess the gravity of character, the seriousness of mind to become disciples. Mark says Jesus "chose twelve disciples to be with himself." To some this would be no attraction; they were not thus "called"; did not respond.

The fact of miracles need not disturb us. In a day wherein so many new things have been discovered we can understand that things once called miracles become but natural events when the law behind them is understood. When we understand the law of Christ's irradiating personality his miracles will be easy enough. Moses, on the backside of the desert, saw a flaming bush and recognized that God was in it. To Elizabeth Browning "every bush is aflame with God." Wordsworth recognized this fact and declared that the great difficulty in realizing his presence is that "the world is too much with us."

The apostles emphasized the moral life and the personality of Jesus rather than the miraculous. In the Gospel of John one evangelist disentangles the ethical and spiritual from the

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material—precursor of a calmer, more rational estimate of religion. (Paul's proof of the Messiahship of Jesus is that he is "the power of God and the wisdom of God.") The chief miracles are moral, such as the transformation of Saul of Tarsus and the Corinthian Christians, to whom he appeals, after cataloguing the black sins prevalent among Gentiles: "But such were some of you: but ye are washed," etc. If a man does not believe in Jesus on moral grounds, believing that he walked on the sea will be of little use to him. If I believe that hate is better than love, of what use if I can change a pencil into a serpent?

Just as Moses found God in the bush, so we may find him in the natural even more certainly than in the so-called miraculous. Take the miracles of healing: by what perversity of mind do we fix upon the wrong point? The real miracle was to give life in the first place, not to prolong it. No miracle wrought upon life can equal the creation of the life itself. More wonderful than the healing of a disease are the recuperative forces that lurk within us. See the Divinity showing itself in a cut hand! As soon as the injury has happened thousands of faithful servitors are summoned; coagulative ingredients pour out at the arteries and begin to repair the damage. If a bone is broken,

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immediately the wonderful process begins whereby the ordinary juices of the body begin to knit and weld the broken and splintered frame and to make new bone out of themselves. More wonderful than disease are the healing forces which expel the bacterial intruders and restore health.

Miracles? Jesus is the supreme Miracle. Signs? He is the Sign. Healings? The most wonderful are continually in process.

Meanwhile, God's chief object with us is not physical care; we are to learn and observe that ourselves. His chief object with us is personality. "Man is a personality not yet arrived; he is the rudiments of a personality whose powers reach out beyond his control into realms yet unexplored. His true personality is vastly greater, mightier than the present. The powers now recognized are but a suggestion of the powers that are his by right of nature; he being made for allegiance with God." He is greatedened by adjustment to God; by ferreting out and keeping the laws of well-being, including health. If direct interpositions called miracles or faith healings are a part of the scheme, accessible to all, he will never arrive at the goal. Conquest of disease and knowledge of hygiene are a part of the legitimate gain and growth of man on his way to the

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throne. "To him that overcometh" [Good-speed, "to the victor"] will I grant to sit with me in my throne," etc.

Religion is not a matter of creed, ritual, nor of health, but of life. It involves the laws of well-being, whatever they may be, hygiene, morality, worship, social order. The crux of religion as we know it is in our relation to Jesus Christ; it is not thaumaturgy or wonder-working or miraculous healing, but personal attachment to Him with devotion to ascertaining and keeping the laws of God.

Let us recall some truths already herein presented. God's object is the personalization of humankind; the developing of personality, including intelligence. This involves seeking out and obeying his laws. We carry certain survivals of primitive mind and religion still with us—some from the Jews, some from the heathen. These psychic relics within us crave miracles and signs, but they are still futile in bringing conviction or in establishing character.

We have always with us spiritual children, undeveloped in religious things (though adult in years), who crave the sensuous and spectacular. The more useful and efficient Christians, like Saint Paul, "put away childish things"; others still would gratify "the child in me" which craves the circus stunt in worship

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The army test
and religion. It is but a baby world always seeking that the Most High should juggle with the solar system on the battlements of the universe, that the onlookers may be thrilled, and coerced into believing. (We are told that the army tests revealed the average American to be mentally fourteen years of age, and that tests upon motion picture audiences show them to average the age of eleven. What would you? Certainly, such "adults" will, like the Jews of old, demand a sign, and religious cults which by any means whatsoever can respond to that craving will be overflowing with this constituency.

The mind does not usually enjoy giving itself to sustained effort. It is easier to experience a divine miracle of healing than to be careful not to overeat and to keep the requirements of digestion through a lifetime and thus prevent a diseased stomach. Congenial to this mentality and lack of spiritual adulthood we have a recrudescence of some famous and oft-exploded cults, reversions, which are plainly the survivals of the Jewish mentality, namely, Messiahism and faith-healing.

The national hero, a Messiah who should establish the kingdom of David, is again proclaimed. Adventism is abroad in a new guise, calling itself "fundamentalism," and preaching

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the once-conquered high Calvinism, the salvation of an elect few who shall be caught up in the air to meet the Lord—who is expected any day. His coming to establish an earthly kingdom offers an easier way of world conquest than for believers to toil and sacrifice to bring the Kingdom in.

Of faith-healing one hesitates to speak. At sick beds, where hearts are breaking as loved ones slip out to the unexplored sea, and in families where the slow decline toward the inevitable end appeals to sympathies, one could scarcely have the heart to warn of the disillusionment and the heartbreak certain to come from the disappointment of false hopes. The healthy mind's innate antagonism toward death calls for the use of every means to keep him at bay, and it is not easy to censure the resort to help promised by a church which offers miraculous cure, apparently authorized by the Bible.

The church itself is intimately involved in the healing of the sick. The minister meets the doctor in the sick room. The disciples went out by two and two to win men to Christ, and if one spoke to the soul it would seem that the other ministered to the body, and that the dual ministry of pastor and physician is scarcely yet divorced.

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In that far-away day diseases were supposed to be caused by evil spirits. The gospel narratives represent Jesus as casting out demons. Churches were built with gargoyles at the eaves and on the towers—symbols of the demons being driven from the shrine. The church bells which ring through Christendom were originally bits of metal clanged together to frighten away the evil spirits.

The history of the development of the science of medicine is an epic. The priests and monks, because of their knowledge of the use of herbs, were for centuries the custodians of the healing art. A step at a time great minds and brave hearts fought pestilence and death at their own risk until the frontiers of human life have been extended many years. Fascinating problems for the intellect were mastered and the saints of medicine, men like Jenner, Harvey, Simpson, and in our day, Pasteur and Gorgas, are canonized by the love and appreciation of millions whose lives have been prolonged by their faithful ministration. Ian Maclaren's *A Doctor of the Old School* is a Highland picture of thousands of village doctors all over Christendom who wore themselves out bringing lives into the world and prolonging them while here. The medical profession is a magnificent adjunct

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to God's kingdom, it's aim the furtherance of life and the defeat of death.

(In fact, medicine is a branch of spiritual science. Many a time the thing which turns the scale for life or death is the spiritual element.) The doctor should be a good man; much successful medication is that of love and kindness; hence the church builds hospitals and trains nurses. Healing of the body involves psychic forces; mind and body are mutually interpenetrative. Their relations are yet obscure but actual, and the uncertain element which perplexes the physician in every serious disease is the psychic or spiritual.

Paul recognizes (1 Cor. 12 to 13. 8) that the ministries of healing at that time exercised in the church, as the gifts of tongues and other phenomena, were transient. He says they are to pass away. In fact, the church, as it develops in the knowledge of God and ferrets out his laws, develops the ministry of healing through law, and by care rather than by magical rites and miraculous interpositions.

The basis of the modern faith-healing cults usually is that all sickness is the result of sin. This is in itself specious. Some sickness is directly the result of moral evil; other diseases are of inscrutable origin. "Who did sin, this man or his parents?" brought from Jesus a

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plain statement which ought "to hold them for awhile" in their sweeping claims. It is a high activity to ascertain the laws of God and keep them. (If healing by prayer and laying on of hands were the universal curative it would set a premium upon ignorance and disregard of hygiene.) The way of knowledge is slow, toilsome, and tedious, but it is always better than depending upon catastrophes and miraculous interpositions.

Christianity was but slowly disentangled from the primitive superstitions and ignorance concerning disease. Epilepsy, fever—almost all diseases—were believed to be of demonic origin. Even Greek philosophy surrendered to this belief. But gradually these things have been elucidated. (Insanity is understood as a derangement of the subjective mind, and the insane are now pitied and cared for, not beaten and abused as if they were devils.) Scientific knowledge reveals the zymotic diseases in entirely different guise from the ancient ideas. The mind is free from the intolerable burden of fear laid upon it by astrologers and traffickers with demons. The absorbing interest of Christians in Jesus led their minds gradually out of the spiritology of the New Testament day. At first the gospel seemed a kind of supermagic. The apostles

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called the "Name" over those possessed with demons and expelled them, but they achieved better conceptions as the personality of Jesus penetrated them and they penetrated to the personality behind the name. The living Jesus made demonology irrelevant, and, naturally enough, faith healing lapsed.

It is plainly the proper thing for a Christian to pray for the sick, but in no way as a substitute for preventive medication or the use of rational means for recovery. There is an element of unwholesomeness in this modern cult of healing by faith, of which I speak with regret. It were far easier and more congenial to keep silent or even to bid them Godspeed. If they could help a few poor sufferers—even one—who would not be grateful? But the careful sifting of those who apply, the use of white robes, of focused lights, the varied and familiar methods of "working up" interest in the crowd, the use of the crowd psychology which creates a contagion of expectation—all these things, and more, are plainly artificial means so that one cannot keep silent. Meanwhile it is reported repeatedly that careful investigation shows practically no cases of organic disease healed; only functional seem to respond.

The end of these cults has always been the

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same: Irvingites, Dowieites, Yokumites—all culminate in discouragement and spiritual disaster to multitudes who at first followed the apostles of healing gladly. Those who utterly fail to receive benefits are told that their faith is insufficient and they are thereby brought to despair. And by and by, when vitality and magnetism fail the leader artificial means are increasingly used to keep up the psychic excitement, and finally the once sincere healer is a conscious impostor or a hopelessly, deranged fanatic.

The effect upon society is deeply injurious. It leads people to depend upon magic and the miraculous; it is a long step toward the adoration of relics, wearing of amulets, back toward necromancy, witchcraft, voodooism. The secret of the tremendous appeal of faith-healing cults, of the mental and religious epidemics which sometimes abound, may lie in the latent aboriginal traits persistent in the subconsciousness of our eleven-year-old populace. From these are also recruited those who go up the winding stair to the clairvoyants' chamber, those who take the road to En-dor.

The practice of faith-healing discredits the sanely supernatural in religion and any temporary or individual relief is more than offset in benefits by the unwholesome excitement,

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by the loosened moorings in spiritual things. We should always be ready for progress but not always on tiptoe for something new and startling nor ready to run after the reputedly miraculous.

Physical health and safety are not the ultimate values. God's first care for us is to preserve the highest values. Our wise Father is not so concerned with what happens to us as with what we are. Life and health may be endangered and lost, and yet his will for us be on the way to accomplishment. Some of the best people God ever had in this world were afflicted for years.

The supreme mission of Christianity is to present Christ crucified. He is the supreme miracle; the power of God and the wisdom of God. There are many incongruous things about Christianity, some of which are its glory. It is its peculiar charm that it shelters the sick, diseased, maimed. The law of the survival of the fittest would seem to eliminate these, but under the shadow of the cross we nurse and care for them all. We let them marry and have children while men of science protest and rail thereat. We share their frailties by incorporating them into the common blood. The race is a jointstock concern and we take over the bad debts of the poorest partners.

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And in doing this we are lifting them up and constantly bearing their infirmities. Why?

Because "He bore our sins and carried our sorrows," He lifts us up, weak, pitiful, sinful as we are, and infusing his own strength into our sick and imperfect race, he will bring us by and by to the throne.

Not miracles, signs, healings, but we preach "Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God"—Christ the crucified.

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For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.—*Ephesians* 6. 12.

THIS text seems far enough from any connection with Mount Olivet, and yet from its summit the interpretation of it was semaphored to me and I would relay it to lovers of the land, the book, and the Man. There are few things more romantic than the way in which the places connected with the events interlock with the emotions of our faith, creating unlimited wealth of experience. The land is saturated by memories which stir the heart and quicken faith.

I had longed, as do thousands of Christians, to look upon

“Those holy fields

Over whose acres walked those blessed feet

Which fourteen hundred years ago were nailed

For our advantage to the bitter cross,”

but I had not dreamed of the spiritual and mental enrichment which this privilege was to bring to me, though along with it a disillusionment which was as painful as surgery.

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'Tis a tiny land, whose length can be traveled now in a day by automobile, though roads are poor enough. A narrow land, much of it rocks, wilderness, and ravines. But its geography is written in the human heart; its history is intertwined with everything worth while in civilization. The names of its heroes, of its women, its ideals, poetry, religion, reappear in every land in literature, worship, conduct, institutions, and life.

Its capital, Jerusalem, is but a small city, less than a mile in diameter, with dark and cheerless houses, narrow, unwholesome streets infested with beggars, and the abode of fanaticism, ignorance, squalor, bigotry. Yet this Zion has been glorified till its towers reach the sky. It has become a city set upon a hill. It filled the dreams of Abraham, who never saw it; it was transformed in Saint John's vision into the City of God. It mingled with the rapture of Bunyan's Pilgrim, and the eyes of the saints have ever been searching the mysterious unknown for its domes and towers. Three great religions honored it; many nations have fought for its possession. Not only the race of the Great Homesickness has longed and prayed for it, but the mystery and the wonder of Jerusalem have entered myriads of hearts of other peoples.

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We tarried in this eloquent, pathetic land, a land scarred with graves, its rocks dented by the trampling heels of successive generations of combatants, fighting fiercely since before history began. That shrine now lying under the Dome of the Rock bore the offerings of Solomon, of David, of Abraham, and without doubt of men of the stone age who worshiped their stern gods upon this escarpment of Mount Moriah. Agriculturally it is but a sorry land, its hills washed bare of soil and denuded of forests. Historically, its people have been exploited, banished, led into captivity; victims of war, of lust, of treachery, this highway between Egypt and Assyria but needed the climax of the tragedy on Calvary to become literally "the bloody way" between earth and heaven. The trail between Jerusalem and Jericho with the incident of the good Samaritan, is but a crude cartoon of this land itself, is but a pale tracing of the spiritual tragedy and conflicts which have raged in human hearts, coming to the great climax here, within view of the Mount of Olives.

This wonderful little country gave us a literature which traces the bloody way. Its opening tale of sin and misfortune has never been exhaustively interpreted. The heel of the woman's seed should bruise the serpent's

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head. Truceless war, ceaseless conflict, Achilles forever limping over a red trail. Every good power insulted, checked, thwarted; goodness going to victory only through toil, tears, struggle, bloodshed. History is written in hissing words; freedom is gained through martyrdom; democracy must storm the Hindenburg line; life is infected, its springs seem poisoned. "An enemy hath done this."

The vast majority of the race has felt that the forces antagonistic to goodness are shrewd, subtle, persistent, and intelligent in a way which admits of but one explanation; there are evil spirits behind this malevolence. The Hebrew philosophy frankly predicates a dualism which, while it asserts the supremacy of Jehovah, leaves the process and the issue vague and confused with the idea that He is the author of evil. The great majority of mankind have felt that evil is under the direction of one head. There is a confederacy of evil, not one power of which ever allies itself with goodness. Gambling, drunkenness, the brothel, narcotics, debasement of the imagination of youth through the moving picture—all these work together, as if in alliance under one chief.

This is the prevailing New Testament view and was Saint Paul's view. The heathen gods of the Old Testament had now become

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spiritual forces working against righteousness, but still were regarded as personalities. Demons are to be cast out; the prince of the power of the air is to be overthrown. Gradually in Christian history this view was modified. The evil spirits were less potent, their power waned, until finally the mild and rather amusing fairies and "little people" were the sole posterity of these once powerful "gods" who fought valiantly against Jehovah and later as "principalities and powers" contended against his Christ. Priests exorcised them until bell and book, crossings and prayer were the weapons for overcoming the remnants of the evil hierarchy.

The New Testament pictures Jesus casting out demons. Imagination is stirred by the strange tale of Gadara, when the demons rushed into the swine, and thence plunged into the sea. Our proud day laughs and regards this as a myth. Satan is a figure of speech, demoniac possession but rhetoric. Yet this same day accepts the psychology of a subliminal self with cellars and corridors open to suggestion from other minds, which may leave the victim obsessed with evil predilections and ruined in mentality.

We are not crude enough to believe in a personal devil, but we abound in new religions

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and psychic cults whose dogmatic pronouncements find ready acceptance by a credulity which strains out the historical supernatural gnat while it swallows the camel of superstition. We have bowed Satan out of the universe, yet the human mind is rotted with infectious fiction, the imagination of youth defiled by dirty pictures. We combine an occultism which reeks of fraud with a sensual materialism, and under its influence take the road to the witches' heath where Conan Doyle and other high priests of preposterous nonsense minister with the Mumbo Jumbo rites of spiritualism. Gilbert Chesterton says: "The modern Gadara leaves out the Redeemer, keeps the swine and has no power to cast out the demons."

The gospels tell the story of how Jesus met the chief of the hierarchy of evil. The insolent adversary dogged his footsteps and constantly sought to injure him and his cause. They came to grips in the Wilderness of Judæa during the forty days ever since commemorated by Lent, but, though vanquished, the foe did not cease challenging the Saviour of men. The narrative is the deepest, most far-reaching, most wonderful of all parables in its application; it represents human life. The conflict has not ceased, and few thoughtful men would deny that persistent intelligence

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and close alliance are found among the forces of evil and disruption still in the world, while every soul is tested by the methods used by the tempter in the Judæan wilderness.

From the top of the tower of the Russian Church of the Ascension on Mount Olivet the eloquent little land lies almost within complete view. To the south, at our feet, Bethlehem; stretching away beyond it the wilderness toward the Negeb, Hebron, Abraham's burial place. To the west the rocky ridges, then the maritime plain and the flashing waters of the Mediterranean. To the north the high hills of Galilee, the gash in them where lies the lake, then Hermon's alabaster wedge driven into the sky. Down the eastern horizon the green fringe which borders the Jordan as it plunges toward the Dead Sea. Beyond it the red hills of Moab, Ammon; and to the southeast its estuary in the deep chasm cleft in earth's side where lies the rotting lake. Between us and the river and sea stretches a wild, desolate, striped land, cleft with gulleys, the abode of wild beasts; "a region seemingly tilted sidewise by some Titantic gesture," toward the pit wherein the Dead Sea steams, and welters, and reeks, beneath whose slimy waters tradition says the cities of the plain lie buried.

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Mr. Chesterton suggests that if the swine of Gadara had plunged into the Dead Sea, the tale would have been more congruous. One would have thought that the hideous life which gropes beneath these obscene waters was the relic of the evil spirits, the swine, and the perverted civilizations which perished millenniums ago through their hideous wickedness. Then one could have seen in this bitter and hateful lake a parable of human life, that in our own brains possibilities of evil lie, only awaiting opportunity to creep out into activity and ally themselves with other evil things. The hearts of the wicked "cast up mire and filth continually," churned by restless tides and driven by winds of passion.

But even here by the Dead Sea hope intrudes itself upon the horizon. Far off, on the Mount of Olives, "the spire of the Ascension Church is lifted like the sword of an archangel at salute, as if to bar the way of the Adversary." And his way is barred by Him whom the church enshrines.

We do not forget that struggle taking place somewhere between the summit of Olivet and the Jordan Ghor. In mystic words the attempt is made to give us this deep romance of Jesus' life. He is tempted to take the short cut; to win power for his disciples and the rapid

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spread of his kingdom otherwise than by the slow, tedious, and laborious way, rather than by the way of the cross. His mind is seduced toward the misuse of power; the gratification of appetite, the sensational, the spectacular. Whatever the details lying behind the brief narrative, it was a long, intense conflict. When the Adversary left him with a new dizziness in his brain, a new limp in his step, a new fear gripping his heart, Jesus was weak, exhausted. "Angels came and ministered unto him." The divine forces are on the side of the battler for right.

Down the western slope of Olivet, toward the Kedron and the Holy City, lies a sweet little spot, walled in and kept sacred by the Franciscan monks. On Thursday night of the Passover week we passed around the silent, darkened city, for no street lamps illuminated it. Following the highway beyond the Damascus Gate, leaving Gordon's Calvary to the left, we turn the northeast corner of the wall, and then we are on the road from Saint Stephen's Gate, and we cross the Kedron, the Passover moon illuminating the ancient city walls and the sides of the historic mountain. We are upon soil made sacred by the feet of the heroes and saints of earth, and of Him who passed this same way with his disciples from the upper chamber.

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Within Gethsemane, amid the fragrant plants and flowers kept so beautifully by the loving hands of the friars, are ancient, gnarled olive trees; the largest one of them I measured, later, twenty-four feet in circumference, a foot above the ground. Under these trees a group of American and English Protestant Christians are gathered; we pray together, one leading us; then another reads by a torch the gospel narrative of Gethsemane; then we sing:

“’Tis midnight, and on Olives’ brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone;
’Tis midnight, in the garden now
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

“’Tis midnight, and for others’ guilt
The Man of Sorrow weeps in blood,
But He who hath in sorrow knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.”

As we sang I could more than imagine that in the distance a Form bowed, and as waves of grief drenched his soul he met their shock and yet accepted the Father’s will. Here his victory was won, and from here he went to meet contumely, rejection, and to die for others. He threw his life, his service, his all into the scale; by death he conquered. And by this hour we also may conquer. Geth-

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semane is a sacrament. Everyone who truly lives must enter somewhere, some way, his portion of this experience. The Saviourhood of Jesus lies in the fact that he went through our experiences; and it is also true "the disciple is not greater than his Lord." Our paths must also pass through the arena of conflict, the wilderness of temptation and Gethsemane.

Beyond Gethsemane once again he met the powers of darkness in supreme contest; so overwhelming that his cross has ever been the summons to battle. Christianity is a religion of conflict, its gospel a trumpet call. He commissioned his followers to bitter experiences. "I send you forth as sheep among wolves." They will break your bones, suck your blood, tear and rend you; but "be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." "I saw Satan as lightning fall from heaven"; we may picture Satan defeated, lying prone upon the floor of the world.

In that last crash of personalities upon Calvary Jesus won the final victory. It is difficult to think of it; emotions color our thoughts; difficult to speak of it, something in that event defies expression. Despite all efforts to explain or interpret, the crucifixion stands there, vast, deep, something against

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which the heartache of all the race and the sins of each soul can be laid, and the ache and the guilt be drawn out. Yet men have tried to shame us who believe, taunting us that his death was pathetic, but not heroic. John Brown died calmly, saying: "I am worth more for hanging than for anything else"; and it proved true. Multitudes of humble Christians have died with smiles wreathing their faces as they gazed upon Death. Sir Walter Scott pictures the not admirable Marmion, but his death scene is more heroic than that of Jesus, who came to his last battle in weakness and in tears. He cried out against being forsaken in the tongue of his childhood's speech, with a great voice of anguish which legend says was heard by sailors upon far-off seas; it is said to have disturbed the slumbers of the dead. Nevertheless he won, and through his victory we may win in this complex and ceaseless conflict which knows no truce.

Here is our strength. The battle line goes through every community, every group, every heart. We struggle against invisible powers. When France met the shock of the invading hosts at the Marne and summoned all her resources, in that hour how she would have rejoiced could she have drawn upon the brain of her great Napoleon to meet the strategies

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and power of the enemy! (Exactly this the disciple can do; he can draw upon the brain, the genius, upon the victory of Jesus, won in the wilderness, in Gethsemane, on Calvary.)

It is written that when the sun of Carthage was setting and Rome's bitter revenge was at hand, the Punic Senate made a great sacrificial festal day, and the people, led by white-robed priests, passed to Hannibal's monument and carved upon it a new legend: "We greatly longed for him in the day of battle." Longing for our supreme Leader, we have him in every day and hour of conflict, we have him in the day of battle. "He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him."

(The great, hopeful fact, the root of Christian optimism, is that the race has never been reconciled to lie down in sin. We have never come to treaty terms with evil. Our institutions, our literature, our laws, our hearts are all antagonistic to evil.)

Here, then, is the great duty of all men; here is the supreme appeal of the church, of Christ, of the cross. Enlist under his leadership; never mind small points of doctrine; perplexities, crudities, even the faults of disciples. He is the one leader who makes constant war against evil; in him is the world's hope. Put your strength here, combining

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with others, with him, to thwart evil, to overcome sin. The future lights up with hope, and it shall be ours to partake in triumph. Our generation has drunk of the dregs, has had its surfeit of sorrows; has been in Gethsemane and Calvary. Civilization is crumbling; it is the zero hour of the world. Give allegiance to him and help him conquer evil and save the world. I like these words, found in his own handwriting upon the body of an Australian soldier who fell at Gallipoli, changing one word:

“Ye have faith to look with fearless eyes
Beyond the tragedy of the world at strife,
And know that out of death and night shall rise
The dawn of ampler life;
Rejoice, whatever anguish rend the heart
That God has given you the priceless dower
To live in these great times and have your part
In faith’s¹ great, crowning hour;
That ye may tell your sons who see the light
High in the heavens, their heritage to take,
‘I saw the powers of darkness take their flight—
I saw the morning break.’”

¹ In the original “freedom’s.”

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Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.—*1 Corinthians* 3. 11.

We look, not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.¹

For we know that if the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.—*2 Corinthians* 4. 18; 5. 1.

JESUS taught with familiar facts. The waving fields, the blossoming flowers, the flying birds, the mustard, bramble, growth, harvest, household operations, cooking, patching, sweeping—all these are in his utterances. Naturally, also, buildings appear, and in the brief narratives which record his career we look upon the massive temple stones; we see the wise and the foolish builder and we are told that his church has a personal foundation.

Successive generations of mankind have left behind them traces of noble buildings which time has not entirely dissolved. Some

¹ Goodspeed: "What is seen is transitory, but what is unseen is eternal."

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of the ancients whose very language is now forgotten have left remains which stagger us by their immensity. In the quarries at Baalbek I saw a stone, 12 x 14 feet and sixty-six feet from the end it disappeared in the quarry, whence workmen had been dragging it when the project was abandoned. We have no engine to move that stone to-day. Pillars of porphyry still standing at a height of eighty feet in those stately ruins were brought from the quarries of Assouan in upper Egypt, floated down the Nile, ferried across the eastern Mediterranean and by unknown means freighted some hundred and fifty miles inland and erected where they stand to-day. With all of our pride of achievement those mechanics possessed appliances lost to us and not equaled by us.

The story of racial progress in building were worthy of a Milton, beyond the pencil of a Van Loon or the glowing periods of a Wells. Here is an epic yet to be written which might appeal to genius. Picture the unkempt, hairy ancestor of ours, crawling out of the Cro-magnon cave, painfully gathering together the first rough stones to make a rude shelter. Look upon the lake dweller, toilsomely weaving wattles for his rude hut; peer through the forest upon the pathetic savage slowly tying

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the sticks together to make a tepee. These forebears, meanwhile, protected the torch of life amid the gusts of that fitful age, having wrested by some fateful but kindly fortune the precious possession of fire from the lightning's glancing blow.

Our sons play with building blocks, our wee daughters develop their constructive instincts through doll clothes, both sexes reenacting the long and painful development of the race from caves and dens into a race of builders.

The significance of that impulse was not merely that men were moving stones and timbers together. I refuse to accept the materialistic statement that the thing which differentiated the man from the ape was his thumb, an excellent contrivance which made him superior to other brutes by its opposition to the digits of his hands. The thing which impelled the aboriginal man to build was the stirring of social instinct within, the provision for his child, for his wife. Necessary care for the young and the fact of love—these impelled him to make a home even as the forest bird makes her nest. The race built to shelter, protect, develop the invisible things which have made life worth while.

There are two striking phases of human

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experience which seem a paradox. (I was born into this world utterly destitute, yet I was born to an inheritance of incomputable wealth. I was so destitute that I had neither clothes nor a name; I had not even the ability to get food; I had no knowledge of the most rudimentary necessities.) Yet at the same time I entered upon a vast and useful inheritance. Millions who preceded me had contributed to my welfare; houses, lands, institutions, political and social, had been prepared for my coming; an honest man held his head up proudly because I was his son, and I entered without desert of mine into a family, a state, a church, a world where privilege and joy and opportunity are mine.)

— These two paradoxical facts are connected with the creative impulse which is in practically every normal human being. Our destitution impels us; makes us conscious of our need, spurs us on, and we acquire, we serve, we do. The body cries out for work; so does the mind, and this is as true of the millionaire as of the pauper. Beginning where others have left off we go forward. Honest labor is the basis of all achievement. Let our young Americans never lose sight of the fact that it is no disgrace for one to get his hands dirty at clean toil; it is always a disgrace to get his

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soul dirty or to fail to toil for the common-weal. While the worker builds, while he gives an honest return for a fair wage, he is doing more than to earn the wage he receives. That is but a counter in the game. Every stroke of a chisel, every blow of a hammer in honest labor leaves a deposit in the character of the wielder.

We are not here to do things, but to be made by doing things. We inherit the tools of our predecessors; the use we make of them, the attitude we take toward our destitution, toward our affluence, builds something invisible which is the reality. The unseen scaffolding is the true building, "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Our country has been the scene within historical period of the pioneering and creating of new institutions and the carving of a new world out of raw materials. This was similarly done, ages ago in the Old World, but more slowly, painfully, and leaving but little record behind. We are beginning to appreciate the heroic age of the pioneer and to pay our tribute to those who pushed through the forests and over the prairies in the rude wagons, putting up log cabins and "soddies" and taming the wild ground to produce the food of man. Those pioneers fought malaria and fever, wild

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beasts and wilder men. Far from friends and other women, those foremothers gave birth to babies, rocked them to sleep in sap troughs, their lullaby the coyote's howl and the panther's scream.

These pioneers built cabins, homes, villages, cities, railways, and an empire. They sent back their bags of gold, their trains of coal, their cargoes of wool, their shiploads of wheat, but the greater wealth was invisible. Out on the margin where the world was in the making men were freer; inherited cleavages of society disappeared; precedents were coolly disregarded and love of liberty grew strong. Out of the West the breezes of democracy began blowing—sometimes they seemed a gale to the staid inhabitants of the older lands. Jacksonism, Lincolnism, Bryanism, with all manner of strange ideas, floated back. Of necessity the conservative lands must compromise with these new but vigorous products, and thus the world moved forward. How far it moved none realized until the Great War, when the tall, lithe, free-limbed sons of America crossed overseas, and their march toppled ancient thrones with a crash. Men found that in building a new nation, a new freedom, the Americans had also changed the whole world.

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The human movement in all directions is substituting higher for lower forms of work. Manual and mental labor create all wealth, but the tendency is to spiritualize it; to enlarge our spheres; to reduce and bring labor into bounds so that man may be master of his toil, not mastered by it. He is becoming more and more a director of energy rather than a putter forth of mere muscular force. Seizing the vast forces within reach in the universe, gravitation, the tides, electricity, forms of power still unknown are to be used in building our world, and in doing this, we build ourselves. We shall spiritualize our labor and its product, its distribution, until the vast brotherhood shall benefit, shall share, in the gain from labor and from utilizing the tremendous forces which our Creator has placed within our reach.

The effort we put forth in labor, in thought, in service, is an investment, the real increment of which is not in our bank accounts but in the invisibles produced by the right discharge of our duty. Just as in our rapidly growing city building investments are expected to bring satisfactory and fair return, so in the investment of life: we risk and we expect returns; we may not expect returns without investment.

God invested himself in life and all the

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God's investment

myriad forms of life are the return. God invested himself in the robin's egg and the robin's song is the return. All constructive efforts for others are on the basis of such investment. In 1620 one hundred and two people landed at Plymouth Rock. Twenty-three of these left descendants; those descendants included six Presidents of the United States, the two Adamses, Taylor, Grant, Garfield, Taft, and other giants: Charles Francis Adams, Daniel Webster, Elihu Root, Leonard Wood, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant. As an investment how vast the returns!

The human race is a constructive investment on the part of God. Wherever life is, God is. Often that life is baffled; often God is thwarted. Always his investment is sacrificial, always wonderful. He invests himself in physical bodies to be the vehicles of his creatures; break one of those bodies, gash it, and immediately the ordinary juices begin processes of repair and healing. Likewise in the sorrows of life, in the calamities which we experience, the remedial forces of the universe are focused with us and repair begins. If there is heart-break, there is slow but certain solace.

God's investment in us is incomputable. From the beginning of time he began pouring himself, his treasures into us. We who sit

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before him this day to worship have cost him myriads of years of preparation. It has taken him ages to bring us to where we now are. Our predecessors contributed and all the kindly and sweet influences of heaven have been poured into us; then, above all, God put into our development his own Son. "He spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all"; he died upon the cross to make us; we represent his investment, his great constructive effort. For already we have seen that in building, in working, in living we are making our unseen selves.

We are likewise to invest ourselves; to build the unseen. When we were children our parents called upon us to put much time and effort and distasteful labor into learning certain queer hieroglyphs upon the pages of the book. Through much toil and some petulance we learned to read; what a return we get from that investment of self! Treasures of literature, of history, of correspondence opened to us. Even likewise our forefathers rebelled against royal tyranny and finally ordained the Constitution of the United States "to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." They had their eyes on us! Thank God for the investment, and likewise we will invest ourselves for our pos-

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terity, and in this obeying the law of life, flinging ourselves away for others' sakes, we will find life.

The great buildings of earth have usually been temples, nor is this without significance. Temples do not localize God, but they express men's faith in him; they are the expression of their confidence that God is and that he dwells among us. The temple most significant for us was that of Solomon and this was "built without the sound of ax or saw or hammer." It was erected silently, having been shaped in the quarries and in the shops of the buildings, every stone prepared for its own niche. The New Testament conception of the spiritual temple fulfills this prophecy. "... The household of God, being built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Christ Jesus, himself, being the chief corner stone, in whom each several building, fitly framed together, groweth into a holy temple in the Lord; in whom ye also are builded together for an habitation of God in the spirit." By carrying on God's program, by meeting our responsibilities in life, we build the invisible but actual kingdom of Christ; we build ourselves into the spiritual temple.

In another place Saint Paul said: "Ye are God's building," and in Ephesians 2. 10 we

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read: "For we are his workmanship"; but the Greek word there translated "workmanship," and doubtless correctly, may carry a deeper meaning. Paul found himself often hard pressed to put the new wine of Christianity into the old vessels of Greek paganism, beautiful as the language was. He here used the word "poiema," from which we get our word "poem." "We are his poem in Christ Jesus." We ought not only so to live that we "pray without ceasing" and life is one prayer, but also so that we are his song; so that Jesus can breathe through us and speak by us; Æolian harps giving forth his spirit and love to our fellow men.

Because God is the Great Masterbuilder our hope is in the future conquest of the world by Christ. I would add to the ancient creed which we love to recite: "I believe in the improbability of the race," and "I believe in the conquest of this world by Jesus Christ." We go slowly, but we have gone far. Come with me overseas to a castle in Southern England. It is late afternoon and a gallant knight is courting a fair lady who invites him to go with her to the parapet of the castle. The sun is setting behind the great forest at the west and she bids him to hark; they hear the baying of the gaunt timber wolves. She says

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to him: "You say you love me and you ask me to become your bride. Yonder beyond that forest are the lands of my father's hereditary enemies; go and attack them, and when you have given to the wolves to drink the blood of forty of their retainers you may return and claim me for your bride!" And this woman was an ancestress of Victoria the Good! Christianity took that kind of raw human stuff and made out of it—Queen Victoria, Florence Nightingale, Frances Willard, your mother and mine! It can be done.

Once I was in the ancient church of Saint John in Damascus. Time was when that great church was famed through the world; Damascus was a Christian city. But Syrian Christianity decayed and lost its missionary spirit, ceased to build the Kingdom, and its spirit declined. Mohammed preached his fierce doctrines and his followers seized the famous city and transformed the old church into a mosque; now it is called the Mosque of Omniades, and within its walls Saladin the Great is buried; that Saladin who was the courtly, knightly antagonist of Richard Cœur de Lion. Our guide said: "When I pass through the curtain yonder, follow me quietly without attracting attention."

We followed him and he took us across a

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small courtyard, through a hallway, up a staircase and out upon a portico and pointed up toward the gable of the ancient roof. There had been an ancient Greek inscription carved upon the rock walls of the old church and the Moslems had plastered it over with cement, as they also painted out the face of Jesus in the dome of Saint Sophia in Constantinople. The guide said: "Look!" At first I could only see confused outlines. Then I traced the ancient uncial letters and I copied it down, and, roughly translated, this is the inscription, looking down to-day on the Damascene streets as it has these fourteen hundred years:

"Thy throne, O Christ, is from Everlasting to
Everlasting,
And thy dominion unto all generations."

It's the bravest promise in all the world! Looking down on those sad lands, so long ravaged, desolated, and stained with blood, it prophesies of the Great Day when "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun doth his successive journeys run."

Build we never so well in stone, cement, other materials, one day all shall be dissolved. With Prospero in "The Tempest" we may well say:

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“Like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.”

Then “shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father” and the character builded by us through the experiences of life shall remain “eternal in the heavens.”

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By faith Abraham, when he was called, obeyed to go out unto a place which he was to receive for an inheritance; and he went out, not knowing whither he went. . . . For he looked for the city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.”
—*Hebrews* 11. 8, 10.

WE have come to realize that human beings partake of the qualities of the world in which we live. (Religion is not something apart from the natural life; it is the natural life functioning in its relations to God.)

Abraham was the prince of a great house. Tradition says that there fell upon him an unrest which would not be assuaged, and, despite the appeals and the efforts of his friends, despite the glowing prospects which were his, he forsook his ancestral lands, ancestral faith, and his kindred, and fared forth into the desert seeking invisible realities. He could not be satisfied in the worship of the idol deities nor of the host of heaven; an inward urge drove him forward until after earthly ties were broken he came to know the invisible God.

He was the great Father Pilgrim of history.

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With no teachers, no institutions of worship upon which he could rely; with no Bible and no guide save the inward urge, the mighty desire for God, he fared forth into the unknown, seeking "the city which hath foundations."

In the ledgers of God there is an account labeled, "Earth to the Pioneers, Dr." No man can say how vast our debt to brave souls who dared venture into the unknown; those unkempt ancestors of ours who discovered foods to be edible; who ferreted out medicines; who learned to hollow out the logs, and finally put out to sea in them; the venturesome spirits who persisted on land and sea until earth gave up its treasures and the race has grown rich through their daring. Pioneers in forests, over prairies, in arctic circle, equatorial heat, these forelopers, as Rudyard Kipling called them, have been the benefactors of all who came after them. They lived on the frontiers, strange, reckless men of the margin with their wonderful comrades, the pioneer mothers; giants whose shadows still fall backward upon the valleys of the world.

The pioneer could not be satisfied with the tame and uneventful life of the old settlements. Always, as in Kipling's poem, he heard the whisper: "Something lost behind the ranges, go and find it; go and find it." It

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was the urge of God, pushing the line of civilization ever onward, until the last wild waste of earth has been subdued by man. The spirit of the true explorer and pioneer is well set forth in the words of Charles L. Edson, "Colyumist of the New York Mail," who caught the spirit of John Muir, discoverer of the Yosemite and explorer of glaciers and peaks on the roof of the world. When John Muir crossed the great divide he wrote:

"John of the mountains, wonderful John,
Is past the summit and traveling on,
The turn of the trail on the mountain side,
A smile and a 'hail' where the glaciers slide,
A streak of red where the condors ride,
And John is over the Great Divide.

"John of the mountains camps to-day
On a level spot in the milky way,
And God is telling him how he rolled
The smoking earth from the iron mold,
And hammered the mountains till they were gold
And planted the redwood trees of old.

"And John of the mountains says: 'I knew,
And I wanted to grapple the hand o' you,
And now we're sure to be friends and chums
And camp together till chaos comes.'"

(The urge which moves the explorer, the inventor, the writer, what is this but in each

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soul a version of what we denominate "a call" when it is applied to the minister? Ideas squirming in the brain, a desire which grows to be a passion, and the artist, the architect, the poet is moved toward his expression of himself in the painting, the building, the song.

That ledger page will also have entries in it, "Earth to the prophets of God, Dr.," for poet and prophet are close akin. }

"The swallow stopt as he hunted the bee,
The snake slipt under the spray,
The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,
And stared with his foot on his prey;
And the nightingale thought, 'I've sung many
a song
But never a song so gay,
For he sings of what the world shall be
When the years have rolled away.'"

Abraham was the first of those great, prophetic spirits recorded in history. He saw "the advancing spears of day," and amid the crude religions, the superstitions of human sacrifice, he came to the knowledge of a pure faith, free from sensuality and full of high moral purpose. Through his great spirit, through his experience of God, the world received the cleansing, purposeful faith which lifted it from the mire into idealism and ethics.

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We may think of him as a man like ourselves. His faculties and methods of gaining knowledge were like ours. He also must "upon the world's great altar stairs lift lame hands of faith and grope" until he came to the consciousness of invisible realities. No pioneer was more intrepid; none accomplished such vast achievement, for through him came the three great monotheisms of the world; through him came the interpretation of God and the knowledge of spiritual things which have made civilization. "By faith"—risking everything upon the character and disposition of this unseen God—he saw the city which hath the foundations. The Saviour of men had not yet come to earth, but Jesus declared that Abraham (by faith) "saw my day and was glad." He knew that somehow, some way, some time, good would triumph; right would prevail, and Love would reign.

Abraham is a dramatic figure, lifted against the background of the primitive days. The meager details of his career do not present him as a typical revolutionist, but he led a revolution. Rejecting the established institutions, and turning away from his kindred upon religious differences, he becomes the heroic pattern of the man of faith. Religious differences have always involved bitterness

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and heartache; in that day it must have been greater than in any time of the historical period, but with dauntless devotion he set his face toward heavenly things. He could not have known his destiny nor the experiences awaiting him, nevertheless he gave himself, intrepid, trusting, to the inward urge.

Soon after the Great War I crossed the sea upon a ship the captain of which had been active in that time of imperiled civilization. He had been ordered to provision his ship, and on a certain day to set sail, and after a definite time to open a sealed envelope which was handed to him just in the moment of sailing, then to follow the orders therein given. He sailed under sealed orders. Something like this was Abraham. Something like this is every life.

The newborn infant is cast upon the coasts of time; he comes "weeping and wailing, all alone, into the light of day." He has no choice of parents nor of country. His destiny none can foretell. Even the mother who bears him cannot read the secret scroll of his future; she may ask in vain, "What shall this child be?" The little feet begin waveringly to invade the unexplored continent of life, the little soul carrying possibilities of weal and woe, of joy and sorrow, of usefulness or of

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injury to fellow men. His heavenly Father has a purpose, a plan for his life, but will the pilgrim learn and follow that plan? Youth journeys ardently along the trails, across the plains; adulthood climbs the foothills and the mountains; deserts, gulches, fair fields are crossed. 'Tis all important to decipher the scroll and obey the sealed orders. How shall we read them?

Had my friend the captain disobeyed the orders given him, his craft would have reached only the port of missing ships, himself disgraced and his country's cause injured. If these orders were in cipher, it were vital to decode them and make no mistake.

God does not give us a formula for all the journey. Life is too big, too vital, to be expressed in a formula. On the high seas there are tides, currents, and countless perils of the deep. On our Pacific Coast seven men of war went down by striking a rocky cape because their reckoning was imperfect; scores of young men were drowned because the sailing master of the lead ship directed them by an imperfect reading of the facts. Many a life has been wrecked because it did not fit into the divine plan; the sailing chart was before it; the inward urge was strong, but the sealed orders were not read aright, or, being read, were not obeyed.

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It is all important for the youth to find himself; to get his reckoning and discover his goal. He needs to find the thing he was made to do, and escape the tragedy of the round peg in the square hole. He must seek and find his Father's plan for him. Let him learn to spell out the alphabet of signals along the way; to decode the message which comes to him from the direction station above; to decipher the flashing lights and make his own inner response to the Father's constant presence.

The mariner steers through uncharted seas by the stars above, and the soul must "needs love the highest." Its stars for sailing are the ideals which appeal to us. They are especially strong and vivid in youth, for youth has not yet denied nor rejected them. These unformulated but glorious standards are the "pattern which was showed thee in the mount." Statesmen, philosophers, prophets have tried to translate them into the "marble real." Good men and women in every land and age have earnestly endeavored to live them, and the nearer they succeeded, the more their souls shone in the beauty of holiness. The ideals of Christianity, shining above the awful slums of Rome, Corinth, Ephesus, transformed that ancient world, achieving the supremacy of the cross.

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The divine "orders" are sealed from mortal view, carried in the soul. Akin to ideals are convictions. The feeling of oughtness, the confidence in the triumph of the right are to be obeyed. Fling yourself upon them in absolute trust. No man may safely deny nor trifle with his convictions; they are to him the voice of God. Obeying them, he will know more of God's will. Distinguish between convictions and opinions; hold the latter not too strongly, but lash your soul to the former as a drowning man to a mast. Through obedience to convictions we may greet the unseen from afar.

Duty is ever to obey the highest. Often it may not seem particularly high; perhaps some humble task which collides with our own desire or pleasure just at that time. But duty is a glorious thing; it is always the mandate of God and its urge is not to be trifled with. Just to do the right thing, to discharge the plain responsibilities of our relationships aright is carrying out his will. Duty fences in the straight and narrow way which leads unto life, and the steep path is the ascent to heaven. No man can discover his destiny unless he is in the path of duty. The great facts of right, honor, goodness, virtue, ~~are mountain peaks~~ guarding the king's highway.

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Duty is majestic; it is even lovely and delightful, but not always at first sight does it seem to be; sometimes we must learn to appreciate its beauty. Great souls have always been true to duty. When friends and politicians and statesmen sought to influence Abraham Lincoln to temporize with secession, he said: "My duty stretches before me as plain as a turnpike road. I have taken an oath to enforce the Constitution and there is nothing else to do." He trod that road resolutely; for him it proved a Via Dolorosa ending at the cross of assassination; but when he lay cold in death he held in his hand the fragment of a broken chain. He had ended slavery, had saved the Union, and because he did his duty with all the resources at his command his name will shine forever in the galaxy of earth's greatest spirits and saviours. This is duty, as Robert Louis Stevenson writes:

"To go on forever, and fall and go on again,
To be mauled to the earth and arise
And contend for the shade of a word and a thing
not seen by the eyes

"With the half of a broken hope for a pillow at
night
That somehow the right is the right
And the smooth shall bloom from the rough."¹

¹ Used by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers.

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To learn the gradually unfolding will of God, be true to your ideals, obey convictions, do duty bravely and fully, and take a definite, determined attitude toward God. React promptly to these things, and fixing your mind and thoughts upon Jesus Christ, the revealer of God, you will come to love him supremely. The attitude toward right and the determination to seek out and to obey the invisible realities will bring the soul safe through the perils and into the harbor.

"One ship drives east and one drives west
By the very same wind that blows,
'Tis the set of the sails and not the gales
That tells which way she goes.
Like the waves of the sea are the gales which blow
As we journey together through life,
'Tis the set of the soul determines the goal
And not the storm and strife."

"The Redemption of David Corson" is the story of a life tragedy. The innocent, clean-souled, inexperienced young man fell into sin and gradually plunged lower and lower into vice and infamy. He had reached the nadir, and in the horror of it all was about to destroy his own life. Poor, wretched, loathsome, he was found by a Salvationist who wrought upon him until a gleam of hope entered his

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sodden soul. The cross offered him hope. As he lay in his guilt at the bottom of the abyss he caught a vision of the pathway up. It was tortuous, bitter, all but impossible. It involved paying the penalty for crimes—misery and suffering. But the charm of the personality of Jesus won him; the bitter cup of repentance was good to his soul, and he cried: "I choose the pains of doing right." In this attitude of soul, heaven lay in embryo; it was really won. It was like the choice of the mayor of M—— in *Les Misérables*. When he made that choice which sent him back to the galleys, men in the courtroom felt dazzled in soul as by a great light. The divine urge lay within this decision and at every step would increase the momentum of the soul toward heaven.

This is not a solitary life. True, the decisions and the attitudes must be taken in the solitude of a man's own soul, but the divine urge is communal; it can be satisfied only with the fellowship of other souls. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." The passion of Jesus Christ was to give himself to others; not alone to the congenial, to the worthy, but to the miserable, the unamiable, the selfish, the sinful. He gave himself to his

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enemies and served the spiteful and wicked. Victor Hugo writes: "Give thyself to the mob; to the hatless, shoeless, ragged, hungry mob. Give to the mob thy gold, and thy life and thyself which is more than life." Such a dedication, such a service will enrich the soul beyond all computation and keep you in the consciousness of God.

There is much of this faring forth toward an unknown destiny. Even this world ship on which we ride, plunging through the vast spaces, has some goal in the mind of the eternal, though no astronomer, no seer can name it to us.

"I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care."

Let us hope, let us believe, that because God is good, and because he is omnipotent, the social order which bears us along shall reach a goal where "man's inhumanity to man" shall no longer exploit the weak and unfortunate. Faith whispers of

"One far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves,"

the city of foundations which Abraham saw by his telescopic vision. The religion of Jesus

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is not only to fit men for another world; it is to make this world fit for folks to live in, for little children to be born into. Our devotion to unseen realities, our fellowship with Jesus Christ, bind us in a great league of pity and of service. Putting Jesus into the affairs of earth is bringing the heavenly city down among men. The constructive power of his plans will transform the world into the kingdom of Christ.

Now someone says: "All this is very well for men like Abraham, who lived when God spoke directly to men, or for Lincoln, or for other great men and women; but how can I read the sealed orders for my life? How can I be sure that the impulses which move me are from him? Of course God cares for nations and the world as a whole, but is there any token that he is in my life, that he cares for me personally?"

We may not claim so large a place, nor feel so great a divine direction in our smaller lives as did those sent to do work more far-reaching than ours, but we may claim just as confidently his guidance, his leading, and be as certainly conscious of his power in us. We may learn from those who are greater and in whose deeds the divine thrust was more vivid than in ours. Studying the lives of men like Lincoln, "Father Endeavor" Clark, Sir George Williams, who

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founded the Young Men's Christian Association, John Wesley—almost any of the great leaders of men—it is plain that God had large place in their lives. Ideals, duty, conscience, service of fellow men were marked factors. Beyond this is a possible intimacy which you may test.

“The very hairs of your head are numbered,” said Jesus. He would have us feel God's nearness and care. The most solicitous thing we know is a mother's love. We have seen her lay away little shoes and tiny garments as keepsakes and fondle them tenderly long after the wearer had grown to adulthood and was doing a man's work in the world. We saw her take the ringlets out from the little head when infancy had passed and boyhood having arrived the hair must be “shingled.” She wiped away a furtive tear, took the long curls and wrapping them up hid them; years after we saw her tenderly fondling them when the erstwhile baby was a stalwart man. But with all her sentiment and affection, she never attempted to count the hairs. By so much God's affection and intimate care exceeds that of the most loving of human hearts—a mother's.

“Not knowing whither he went”: true to life. The infant, cast on the coasts of time, facing the unexplored continent, after years

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have passed, has crossed valleys, plains, mountains. He comes down the slope toward the evening. His "sealed orders," the divine urge, unread in the beginning, even by mother's love and skill, have been spelled out, obeyed, and now on the margin of the sunset he will embark on the supreme adventure.

I see him in the autumn, the evening of life. In the autumn, when fruits and grains are gathered, life grows solemn. Even the birds cease to sing, they are too thoughtful; they are getting ready for the long flight to an unrevealed destination; the secret is too tender to be lightly babbled forth. And in his autumn the old pilgrim sits in the paling sunshine, his mind upon far-away things also. At night he hears the migrant birds flying over; there is a tug at his heart. Their call seems to him like the call of his own mate, gone on before to the summerland.

Morning returns; again he sits in the sunshine. The grandchild prattles about his knee, but the patriarch heeds him but little; he is being weaned from earth; he is about voyaging upon unknown waters. He is about to fare forth with staff in hand on the last leg of his journey toward the city which hath foundations. The Golden Gate is open; the flying goal just within reach.

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"Before me lies an unknown sea,
The port is left behind;
Strong waves are foaming at the prow,
The sails bend to the wind.

"What is my quest? Why fare I forth?
Not mine it is to say,
He whom I serve has given command;
I have but to obey.

"So to the overguiding will
My own I gladly yield,
And while my little craft outstands
I sail with orders sealed.

"I may not read them if I would,
I would not if I might,
Nor hold the duty less, but more
Whose chart is faith, not sight.

"Some time, I know not when or how,
All things will be revealed,
And until then content am I
To sail with orders sealed."

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PERHAPS this address should go textless, the subject being too modern for a book so ancient as the Bible; or maybe the text should be: "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." But in our study of heredity we have learned that the training of a child should begin some generations preceding his advent. We have also been computing the ancestral assembly of one's progenitors. With two parents, four grandparents, eight great grandparents, etc., it becomes perfectly plain that if we begin very far back, we will have a crowd on our hands too big for us to handle. We would soon be hopelessly lost in eugenics. We will omit the text.

Bringing up a child is serious business, as anyone knows who has participated in that complicated function. The only persons capable of writing or speaking *ex cathedra* upon it are unmarried men and women of at least middle age; the men and women who have officiated at the job are significantly reticent. How much more serious, then, the task of bringing up father! But in this unromantic subject there is a romance. So long as love,

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adventure, wonder, exist in folks, romance will be found in every life function.

Just now revolution is the favorite world pastime. We learn that within twelve years since the Boxers started something in China, we have had thirty revolutions of national proportions. Along with this we have had social upheavals and the general turning of things topsy turvy, while new things, politically and socially, have come in profusion.

One of the most sweeping of modern changes has been the movement which began as the emancipation of women and which bids fair to eventuate in female supremacy. Political equality having now been established, the woman's party leads the movement to establish business and all other equality, while sentiment and social customs seem to have exceeded that goal.

It has been remarked that nature often compensates for seeming inequality. Woman's smaller body and less muscular strength have certainly been compensated by physical attractiveness, greater subtlety of mind, superior deftness, social skill and ability to achieve in the varied adjustments of life. She is far from being the inferior sex.

The cartoonist is the prophet of our day; the interpreter, revealer of things as they are,

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and thus often the protestor and in a vague way the predictor. He pictures some vital, salient fact, capable of being understood at a glance. One cartoonist has for a long time held the public with a prolonged series under the caption of "Bringing Up Father." According to his interpretation, this is a great American indoor pastime. While the spirit of revolt licenses audacious and reckless speech his theme becomes my text.

Poets, preachers, lecturers—almost everybody in our day—joins in high reverence of mothers. We have Mother's Day with its carnations, its sentimental and pathetic utterances. In our evangelistic meetings the pleas to "be the man your mother thinks you are" or wants you to be are supplemented by solos in which "beautiful hands at the gateway to-night" are beckoning, while choruses roll out, "Tell mother I'll be there." Barriers of resistance are stormed by the appeal: "How many of you had Christian mothers?" I like all this. Much, so much of all that is good and sweet and tender clusters about that sweet name and the sweeter personality of mother that I would not decrease any of the honor paid to her, nor diminish any sentiment the emotional power of which moves men and women to better lives.

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But sometimes in my Philistinism I've wondered: "Why not put father into this once in awhile?" If they get to heaven and miss dear old dad, will they not feel lonesome? Nobody sings about his beautiful hands; as I knew him they were horny, hard, knotted, rough. But they were that way from toil, the toil that produced. And but for his horny hands mother's and sister's wouldn't have been so soft and beautiful!

There are exceptions—but most of the songs I've heard in which father's name was used were of the coarse, jesting variety, from phonograph or vaudeville, such as "What's the matter with father?" "Everybody works but father," etc. There have been times when perhaps the omission of the disjunctive would improve the quality of the latter statement. Maybe these things were not meant to be disrespectful, but I've sometimes noticed that the great moral tutor of our age, the moving picture, often shows father up as narrow, selfish, or the subject of ridicule—not without its influence upon youth. Various forces tend to eliminate father as a person worth paying much attention to. The extreme feminism, the precocious individualism of youth unite in decreasing his significance as a coefficient in the family.

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Nevertheless, father is a stern biological fact. I have sometimes thought that is about the only significance he now has; the race can't be propagated without him, hence he must be endured. He is also a useful financial fact for the people with beautiful hands and for the bills from college life and social requirements of sons. He helps make the limousine go.

The average father has for his chief joy to provide for the folks. He does sometimes get absorbed in the game, so that he fails to give all he should of himself to them. Often his ideas are crude; he wants to see them happy; if "keeping up with the Joneses" is their idea of happiness, he hustles more lively. I saw such a father at a world's fair. It was plainly a Western family. I suspected them to be Texans. With him were mother, daughter of *débutante* age, and two younger sons. Each had a purse, and father was proud in giving them a good time. I could not but overhear the conversation, which amazed me.

"Boys," said father, "buy something; buy more things." This was astounding; I never needed to urge my boys to spend more money! The boys demurred. With unctuous voice he boomed forth: "Boys, buy more things! Buy any old thing!" Despite the coarseness

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of this quite American idea that the way to have a good time is to spend money lavishly, father's spirit was a revelation.

Stripped of the exaggerations and denuded of the foolishness which we often find, down deep in father are things just as fine, just as praiseworthy as are found in mother's heart. Does it not take the twain of them to fulfill parenthood? And each sex has its own richness, its own marvel of parental love and care. Edgar A. Guest, a poet of everyday life, sings:

"Only a dad with a tired face
Coming home from the daily race,
Bringing little of gold or fame
To show how well he has played the game,
But glad in his heart that his own rejoice
To see him come and to hear his voice.

"Only a dad with a brood of four,
One of ten million men or more
Plodding along in the daily strife,
Bearing the whips and scorns of life
With never a whimper of pain or hate
For the sake of those who at home await.

"Only a dad, neither rich nor proud,
Merely one of the surging crowd,
Toiling, striving from day to day,
Facing whatever may come his way;
Silent, whenever the harsh condemn
And bearing all for the love of them.

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"Only a dad, but he gives his all
To smooth the way for the children small,
Doing with courage stern and grim
The deeds that his father did for him.
This is the line that for him I pen
Only a dad, but the best of men."

Isn't it time to say a good word for father? No, don't set apart a Sunday to celebrate father's day, he would feel foolish if you wore a flower for him. But keep in mind the stalwart, masculine virtues which the name "father" stands for, and if he is where you can do it, let him know in some way that you appreciate him, for "he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead."

And everybody in the home can help bring up father! This is not merely a function for mother and the grown-up daughters, for we learn more from our children than they do from us. John Fiske set forth in his never-to-be-forgotten brochure how much the race owes to the "prolongation of infancy." He pictures how the humanities developed kindness, love, and the things worth while grew out of that. The big railroader, rough in hands, uncouth and bashful in speech, not given to expressing sentiment, held his firstborn in his arms, gingerly as if he feared he might break it. Then he looked up, wistfully, awkwardly,

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and said, "Pastor, I've learned a heap about God from this little feller." So have we, all of us.

I'm wondering if this high voltage age isn't failing at the point of home life. We are luxurious in our living; we are better off (financially) than the older generations; are we better men and women? The pictures of home in "Snowbound" and "The Cotter's Saturday Night" will be unintelligible to an age which hives like cliffdwellers in modern apartment houses, where "children and dogs" are not allowed—at any rate, the children are not. The rented cells "with all modern conveniences," from which all inmates fly to various entertainments as evening comes, are a poor substitute for the old-fashioned home with the fireside, the table talk, the reading aloud, and the happy games. Out of those old-fashioned homes with praying fathers and mothers came the men who made America great.

Men and women need the formative influences of home and children, and without them are but fragmentary personalities. They may be good and measurably happy, and none has aught but sympathy for those whom Providence has given to walk alone through life, or, if wedded, never to hear the music of the firstborn's cry; but the normal life includes

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home and children. Theodore Roosevelt, just arrived from Africa, over his own signature wrote that it is a blessed thing that the sources of happiness are not confined to the wealthy or the highborn, but are open alike to the common people. He said: "My observation is that the chief happiness that can come in this life is for a man and woman to marry for love and rear a family of healthy children." Great, human Theodore; that was a truth worthy of your autograph.

The family develops normally into a cooperative group where each does his part, a group wherein loyalty to each other is almost a religion. The prime factor is father, provider, joined with mother, homemaker, their united arms arching the roof over the home. If they are wealthy, the children are born handicapped. Few parents can administer great wealth without softening and perverting their children. Their surroundings are apt to be artificial; their views of life likewise superficial and they are in imminent danger of thinking that they can buy the real happiness of life with money. Wealthy parents often fail to control children until they learn self-control.

In the home father and mother each need to give themselves to children; thus they enrich

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themselves. Here also: "Give and it shall be given unto you." It is an infinite loss to thrust the care of children upon hirelings or boarding schools and miss the joy of the petty cares and annoyances of rearing them. After these years of what I have meant to be a faithful ministry, I here record that had I life to live over again, while my children were small and at home, I would give them much more of myself and my time than I did. In those days it appeared that I must always be serving others; that was my ministry. How many times the eager inquiry: "Daddy, got a meetin' to-night?" Usually there was. Then the regret on childish faces and the exclamation of sorrow. All gone now; all out in the big world. I'm poorer, however it may be with them, because I gave them so little in my eagerness to serve others so much.

A wife has a rare function in bringing up father—the father of her children. How presumptuous for me to advise a wife! Yet—there have been men who were perfectly good possibilities as fathers and husbands, discouraged, disheartened by nagging. Some have been failures because the wife could quite "throw out faster with a spoon than he could throw in with a shovel." What a wonder for thrift and economy the wives of pastors

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have been! Managing on slender salaries while their families must live in the social plane with the church people who had so much more! Keeping the children contented in comparative poverty; training them to work with their hands among families whose children did neither toil nor spin. Wonderful feats of producing splendid dinners from almost bare larders when unexpected and uninvited "company" came! Legerdemain of making over garments and turning gowns and fixing up hats. I salute the minister's wife as the supreme financier; no secretary of the treasury ever surpassed her.

Now, my lady, let me whisper to you something about bringing up father. Don't ask too many questions, until he thinks that he is not permitted to have a thought nor do a petty act without being inquired into! Give him some freedom of personality (at least let him think you do). If he occasionally wants to herd with other males at lodge or on a vacation trip, smile and help him along. Almost any two persons in the world will get on each other's nerves at times if constantly kept as close together as a man and wife must be. He'll come back from his stag herding more appreciative of you. And don't take it for granted that because he gets gray he has lost

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the romance out of life; keep up some loveliness with him; it will pay.

But don't let him become a tyrant. I know a man who always buys his wife's hats. True, he selects beautiful ones; his taste is good. And he pays much more money than she would, for he is generous. But, oh, my dear! That a man should be so selfish and not know it, and that she should through all the years never have the joy of buying a new hat—is not this domestic tragedy? If you have boys growing up, teach them better than this; thereby you will endear one mother-in-law to one woman.

The young people help bring up father. Some of them feel this responsibility. Father himself admits that he was always a model youth; and the young folks do not challenge the statement, but are quite certain that he was an 1870 model. He quite lacks the modern improvements. "Times have changed since you were young," they tell him. It is depressing to observe the difficulties of a flapper, teetering about on French heels, vanity box in hand, seriously trying to bring father up to the 1925 model.

Son has more serious difficulties. Cigarette tipped, rolling to school in the family limousine; quite fed up on the "Whizz Bang" and

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other classics of the day, he has difficulties with this antique which nature has wished off on him. Sometimes it seems not altogether a loss when some great tragedy, like the World War, rolls in upon us to recall youth (and mature mind as well) to the great, serious facts of life and the real values. But if the young man will warm up a bit to father; if he can break through that something which often separates them, he will not only find deeps he has not dreamed of for his own enjoyment, but he will perform a service worth while for father also.

Doctor Frank Crane, great preacher and author, in his middle life writes a letter to his father. No man could write this letter before middle life; few of us but will appreciate it in the afternoon. We all traveled up fools' hill.

Dear Dad: I am writing this to you, though you have been dead thirty years.

From your seat in the Palace Beyond I hope you can see these lines. I feel I must say some things to you, things I didn't know when I was in your house, and things I was too stupid to say.

It's only now, after passing through the long, hard school of years, only now when my hair is gray, that I understand how you felt.

I must have been a bitter trial to you. I was such an ass. I believed my own petty wisdom, and

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I know now how ridiculous it was compared to that calm, ripe, wholesome wisdom of yours.

Most of all, I want to confess my worst sin against you. It was the feeling I had that "you did not understand."

When I look back over it now I know that you did understand. You understood me better than I did myself. Your wisdom flowed around mine like an ocean around an island.

And how patient you were with me! How full of long-suffering and tenderness!

And how pathetic, it comes home to me, were your efforts to get close to me, to win my confidence, to be my pal!

I wouldn't let you. I couldn't. What was it held me aloof? I don't know. But it is tragic—that wall that rises between a boy and his father, and their frantic attempts to see through it and climb over it.

I wish you were here now, across the table from me, just for an hour, so that I could tell you that there's no wall there any more; I understand you now, Dad, and God! how I love you, and wish I could go back and be your boy again!

I know now how I could make you happy every day. I know how you felt.

Well, it won't be long, Dad, till I am over, and I believe you'll be the first one to take me by the hand and help me up the further slope.

And I'll put in the first thousand years or so making you realize that not one pang or yearning you spent on me was wasted.

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It took a good many years for this prodigal son—and all sons are in a measure prodigal—to come to himself, but I've come, I see it all now.

I know that the richest, most priceless thing on earth, and the thing least understood, is that mighty love and tenderness and craving to help which a father feels toward his boy.

For I have a boy of my own.

And it is he that makes me want to go back to you and get down on my knees to you. Up there in the Silence, hear me, Dad, and believe me.¹

Young men, you don't know it now, but as Jesus said to Simon: "Thou shalt know hereafter." And when you're thinking that father is a misfit, a back number and spoiled in the raising, consider how you may bring up father just to suit yourself—not your father, but your son's father.

One of the most searching questions which ever entered my soul was this: "Have my children as good a father as I had?" Every obligation is upon us that their father should be better!

"The boy is father to the man." And he will be another boy's father. Try to take a long walk some day with the man you will be by and by. Then take a walk another day with your son who is yet to be. Will he

¹ Used by permission of William H. Wise & Co., publishers.

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be able to say to you: "Dad, you've been the best father ever; I want to thank you for a clean, healthy body, a strong mind and a good disposition"? There's many a lad could not do that, for father gave him a weak mind, a body seeded down with disease, a disposition stormy with raging appetite.

When tempted to "sow your wild oats," I pray you, remember that while you might escape reaping some of them, your children will bear heavy sheaves. "God is not mocked." "The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children."

The short cut to pleasure; the lawless gratification of an appetite for the sake of the thrill of a nerve; then a life current poisoned; a syphilitic taint, a weak body, scrofula, paresis, locomotor ataxia—there's a multitude of such things that are handed to innocent children by their parents. I challenge you to look your son in the face as a man I know did, and say: "Son, I've given you a sound body; no lawlessness tainted the blood you received from your mother or me; I charge you to pass this life current on to your children as clean as you received it, lest they curse you and you never forgive yourself."

It's a serious job, this bringing up your boy's father!

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And fatherhood is something great, vast, noble, holy, for does not the Bible always speak of God as "Father"? This most sacred relation of the universe is to be to that son the interpreter of God.

I charge you, then, not to entail a legacy of misery upon your unborn children; give each of them a clear brain, not one already poisoned before birth. Give them clean blood, not a fluid black with licentious filth which can never be cleansed. Give them clean souls which can only come from your life of devotion to high ideals and of loving fellowship with Jesus Christ, who was once a boy, and also a man.

Play fair with your boy and bring father up to be a real man!

And when you have reached fatherhood; when God has given you the wonderful blessing of a child, your own flesh and blood, you may learn of him, and from your feelings toward that child, more of God than you have ever learned before. When you have grasped this lesson, you may think your work of bringing up father is fairly complete.

Coventry Patmore has a little poem telling of how he had found it apparently necessary to punish his own motherless son. He had sent him to bed, and later, sore at heart, he went in to tuck the little fellow in bed and to

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see him sound asleep. He lay with his little face tear-stained, his favorite toys gathered in his arms in the bed, with the queer contents of a little boy's pockets, poor, dumb things to comfort himself with.

"So when that night I prayed to God
I wept, and said:
'Ah, when at last we lie, with tranced breath,
Not vexing thee, in death,
And thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood
Thy great, commanded good,
Then fatherly, not less
Than I, whom thou hast molded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave thy wrath and say,
I will be sorry for thy childishness.' "

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The eleven stars made obeisance to me.—*Genesis*
37. 9.

And I will give him the morning star.—*Revelation*
2. 28.

A RECENT volume called *The Revolt of Youth* has made a stir. We are given a revelation of the heart of the generation which is crowding for a place in the sun, and it adds to the perplexity which is already ours. We of the present group which has been managing the world have scarcely become domesticated in our habitat when we find ourselves elbowed, and are aware that in the end we will be crowded out by an aggressive, clamorous, high-gearred, noisy flying wedge which is destined to take possession of our cherished world and run it, very differently from its past, we are told.

Life is never static. In the divine order the total of life is always being replenished and renewed by birth. It takes a fresh start, over and over again, inheriting the acquired wealth of the world, but forced to learn methods and wisdom through experience. Probably no generation failed to feel that the new-

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comers were wild, aggressive, foolish, and even criminal in their iconoclasm and recklessness; yet, on the whole, our race has made progress and it may be doubted if anything really worth while has been lost out of it. We have, naturally enough, the new astronomy, the new psychology, new philosophy, new thought, the new woman, the new theology, for these new people must get their own experience and test things out in the great laboratory for themselves.

Among these changes, some things remain stable. Since history began it is not recorded that the elements of human nature have changed appreciably. The body has neither gained nor lost in its senses; the mind thinks after the same manner as it did in the dawn of history; the heart still suffers and still loves. Truth is unchanged; God has not changed; faith, hope, and love still abide—invisible realities determining destiny and making character.

There is a romance of the stars which touches all our lives with glory. The observer at night is tempted to forget earth and have speech with the constellations. No argument is needed to establish the romance of the stars. "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handi-

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work." The very names of the constellations are romance wrapped up in religion. It is easy to understand why the ancients worshiped the stars and astrology was a revelation of the Divine.

The Bible knows the stars. In the times when it was in the making the skies were only about fifty miles distant and the glittering host of heaven entered intimately into human affairs. Our fathers took their religion from the sun, moon, and stars, and even the strong monotheism of the Old Testament declares that "the stars in their courses fought against" one noted enemy of Jehovah and his people.

Traces of the ancient faith survive in the ideas of the common people. Even to-day our daily press carries the horological notes; street fakers are found casting up the horoscope of the passer-by for a small consideration, while we have known a sedate woman's club to have a department devoted to "solar magnetics" and the various phases of such so-called "sciences." Rustics still believe it to be ill-fortune to see the new crescent over the left shoulder, still plant their potatoes according to the waning moon, while not a few great men have confessed that at times their evil star was in the ascendant.

In more practical ways the stars enter our

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daily lives. The engineer who would plant the foundations of a great building on true lines of longitude, or map with exactness the surface of the earth, does not square from some boundary monument or ancient landmark of the solid earth, but he points his theodolite across the vast spaces, trains it upon Polaris, and when the flash of flame from that far away burning sun enters the tiny tube, he seizes and fastens it upon the ground for his meridian line. That ray of light has spanned a void measurable only in centuries of its gleaming journey, and now it fixes the bounds of a human habitation.

To-day our theology is again touched by the stars. Vast as time is, we have found it but a brief moment in creation's history. The Genoese sailor kept Polaris to starboard during endless weeks, but four thousand years ago the sailors guided their coracles by Alpha Draconis, and 12,000 years from to-night mariners will steer their great air liners by the burning Vega. Flux and change are written even in the heavens above as in the earth beneath.

Since the telescope began to sweep the heavens our race has been forced to domesticate itself in a new universe. The boundaries of time have been pushed back; the vestibules

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of space have been so enlarged that imagination fails to measure them. With this enlargement of the universe theology has been compelled to reckon. The paradise which was just above us and the Sheol which was below us have been overturned, and amid the fifty millions of stars visible and countable through the telescopes, we find our little universe but as a swarm of meteors about the roaring conflagration we call the sun. The measuring rod of the staggering distances is the centuries in which it takes light, flying with inconceivable swiftness, to cross the gulfs between these islands floating in space. No wonder the church struck at Galileo. He had turned the race out of its familiar thought habitations, and left it to flounder amid the eternal silences of infinite space. It is plainly evident from the clash of tongues that our religious faith has not yet adjusted itself to the roomier universe into which we have been ejected.

But if we rectify the boundary lines of our garden plots by the stars; if we must draw a ray of light from the skies in order to lay the foundations of a city hall foursquare, may we not find a spiritual reaction from these distant neighbors, and that without darkening our theology into superstition or muddying our thought with the broken-down and cast-off

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tissues of ancient idolatries? If the ray from Polaris may guide the traveler through the desert or over the wilderness of waters, may we not hope that there is some guidance upon the march eternal? For we do know, through Him who showed us that God is our Father, that "in his house are many rooms," and while "up" may be vastly different in San Francisco from what it is in Damascus, yet the same king's writ runs in Pleiades as in Los Angeles. It is our Father's house; sun, moon, and stars are its rooms. In those vast spaces everywhere there is mind and plan and intelligence; always the same mind. There is but one Master of the house, and we have come to know him well enough until the vast cosmic spaces have no chill for us; we are at home, for he is here, yonder, everywhere.

We are serene and not overwhelmed by the vastness in which we are infinitesimal, for we have come to know this Master, and we have found that all things are in his hand. He comes and dwells with the lowly in heart; makes himself known to them. The lowliest cottage becomes his abode; the heart of the humblest may be a shrine where he dwells.

"Here in a little, lonely room
I am master of earth and sea
And the planets come to me."

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But the romance of the stars has an especial significance for young people. Youth has a natural egotism. Sometimes this is so highly developed as to make its subjects offensive and repulsive. But it is largely the natural outcropping of surplus vigor, not yet tamed and trained by the contacts and buffetings of life. Without the thing which lies behind that egotism youth could not crowd forward and remake the broken and rejected elements into new institutions.

The young man Joseph is a fine, wholesome representative of youth, including its natural errors and its unusual but possible successes. He has been somewhat spoiled by an indulgent father, who lavishes upon him the love which was broken from Rachel, for whose love he had served the fourteen years, years which were as naught for the love he bore her. Out of that intensity of love and the glamour of romance coloring him with many tints was wrought the highly sensitive temperament of the lad whose dreams saw the planets saluting him and beckoning him to a career of which he had no comprehension, but which he felt was exalted.

We may smile at youth's naïve egotism, and prophesy for it a fall, and many a buffetings, but, after all, we like the young man

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who believes in his high destiny, who sees the stars bowing and the sheaves courtesying as he passes. He may be mistaken in the details of it, but it is good for him to heed the call, seeking divine wisdom in its interpretation. Let him walk, with head among the stars, while he may. Let him use the far-traveled spectrum to cement together earth's brick and mortar into a pavement for crossing the bogs of life and achieving royal goals.

To-day, as in the misty borderland of primitive history and legend, youth dreams, and in its vivid astrology gets directions from the skies. Romance still lives and distills its nectar from the stars. Always youth finds the light from the skies congenial to its most glowing moods. Youth rejoices in sunlight, is made pensive by starlight, is magnetized by moonlight in leafy lanes and silent spaces, where the alchemy of romance transforms common things and translates the racial urge into individual affection.

There was a Turkish prince whose forbears had established the empire and expanded its territory until they reached the seas and the deserts, which naturally bounded their lands. He had come to the throne when there seemed no more glories to be won. Walking one night under the full moon upon the banks of

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the Bosphorus, his restless blood craving new adventure and his mind dwelling upon the achievements of his ancestors, he was regretting that he had come upon life's stage so late that there seemed naught for him to accomplish. As he stood looking across to the imperial city on the other side, thinking of the fair lands far beyond it, the moon, which had been obscured for a time by heavy clouds, burst forth and poured a flood of shimmering light across the waters, stretching from the other shore to his feet. He saw it a bridge of light beckoning him to high adventure, challenging his adventurous feet. Instantly his resolution was made; summoning his retainers they crossed, and the morning saw them encamped upon those shores from which the soldiers, the statesmen, the peoples of Christendom have not yet been able to drive them.

The light from the skies was the call of destiny. Youth often finds a bridge beckoning for daring feet to cross over difficulties and into new adventures and to conquer new kingdoms. The young man Joseph saw the eleven stars bowing to him; and when he had mastered their shining alphabet and had deciphered their message, casting himself upon the leadership of that light from above, he crossed pits of discouragement, broke the bars of im-

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possibilities, escaped the enticements of appetite, climbed hills of difficulty until the brethren who had scoffed at him and hated him bowed before him. Best of all, that celestial light proved so true that he returned good for evil and won the love of those who had hated him.

The bridges which stretch before the feet of brave and godly youth are not mere moonbeams nor mere illusions of egotism. There must be within him the soul which recognizes the call; accepts the challenge, threads the dangerous way, rejecting the bypaths which would divert him from the throne which lies beyond the pit and dungeon. He must blend and forge the heavenly light with prosaic materials, into the actual achievement.

(In the secret laboratory of personality we manufacture the forces and experiences which impinge upon us. The soul is a perpetual becoming. Light falls upon the optic nerve, but the product of this is judged and assorted and made into the sensation which we call sight. We possess sensoriums capable of receiving a vast variety of impressions from without and responding to them. Some experiences may never come to us; but for whatever do come we are ready to change them into consciousness and often into action. It

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has been said that the oak slumbers in the acorn's cup. Not quite so; within the acorn slumbers the life; the power. But the oak? It is in the earth, the water, the atmosphere, the sunlight; for not even an oak tree can be made without drawing upon the stars! All these things must be coordinated; then from out the small acorn comes the mighty oak.

So the young man's future lies within himself, but from environment, experiences—even from the skies—influences come which he must coordinate. Out of them he builds the bridge, the ideal being the pattern, the specter of which floating upon the waters, flashing through the air, beckons him on.

In Milton's "Paradise Lost," that great poem which everybody praises and too few read, there is a never-to-be-forgotten picture of Satan, the revolted angel. Milton draws him so daring, so majestic, such a mighty republican soul that he looms in heroic stature. In the council in Pandemonium it has been decided that the fallen archangel shall traverse the abyss and visit the newly created planet, Earth, and there intrigue the new creatures, man and woman. Satan starts upon his journey. 'Tis a far and impossible journey; there is no bridge over chaos. But this

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dauntless spirit, refusing to be barred from anything in the universe, builds the bridge beneath him from himself and crosses safely over.

It is a parable. The light falls upon the youth from the stars; that light calls him; it is transformed, manufactured into achievement, and he crosses the difficulties of tide and pit and obstacles and by conquest wins his crown and throne.

This so-called light which never was by sea or land, the appeals of the highest, the lure to effort, challenge to mastery because we are akin to the cosmos. Something within us responds to the call of the night, of chaos, of the storm. We recruit our strength by taking ourselves to the river, the mountains, the desert, the sea; something in the unformulated imparts the crude essentials of effort to us.

Sir Robert Peel and Stephenson, inventor of the locomotive, were one day walking on Drayton Manor when the engine "Puffing Billy" passed along the horizon's rim drawing a load of tiny cars of coal. Stephenson asked Sir Robert: "Do you know what enables the engine to draw the cars?"

Sir Robert offered several suggestions; the driver, the steam, the fire, each of which was negatived. Then he said, "Well, what is it?"

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Stephenson replied: "It is the coal, but more than the coal. It is the sunlight, locked up in the black coal these long centuries; this is the power now doing the work."

When the fire burned the coal, long forgotten memories of bright summers ages ago awoke in its black heart; the ancient sunbeams glowed and shone, and, thus released, they danced away to do the world's work. Even so may light from the skies, and ancient truths and mighty forces drawn from without, coordinated by a true and devoted spirit within, drive the vast commerce and achievement of destiny.

No wonder that our ancestors, half frozen in the bitter winters of their northern forests, worshiped the fire, which gave them warmth and comfort. They reasoned, and rightly enough, that it came from above; from the great sun which in summer time warmed all the earth and quickened the seeds and gave life. And they found something like this in man, which caused them to speak of "fiery spirits," and of heated spirits, boiling spirits. There were incandescent men who, like John the Baptist, were a burning and shining light; men who so fastened themselves into the memories of their fellow men that they seemed to live and die in a blaze of fire.

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These men also got their fire from heaven, though it was a fire of the spirit, to be kindled in the hearts of all who would give themselves wholly to the evangel of Jesus, giving them fiery tongues which scattered the flakes far and wide as they preached Christ crucified.

In our day we have met such men. They have seen a light which others did not and have followed the gleam "O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till the night" was gone. Wendell Phillips, blazing with wrath at the crime of human slavery; Theodore Roosevelt, scorching the manipulators of invisible government; Martin Luther: "Hier stand Ich, hilf mir Gott, Ich könn nicht anders." Augustine said, "One burning heart sets another heart on fire." These men had been ignited at the blazing center of a heart which burned as a consuming fire.

Races, nations have sometimes been led thus, as by a pillar of fire. Quintus Curtius, an ancient Latin writer, speaks of the march of the Persians under Darius, saying: "The fire which is called eternal is ever borne before the hosts upon silver altars." This fire was sacred and had been brought from the skies. There are ideals, convictions burning within true hearts which must be followed. Thus

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did the Pilgrim Fathers sail the uncharted seas. Their tiny craft danced for long months upon the waters, but invisible hands nightly hung the masts with lights unseen by mortal eyes; invisible hands grasped the tiller and held the Mayflower, with its precious cargo of liberty's institutions in embryo, steadily westward until it made the desired haven.

Let the youth who catches the gleam set his face like a flint and "after it, follow it, follow the gleam." The pattern for every Moslem mosque is the tent of the Tartar nomad. Whatever beauty of architecture there may be in their great temples, this is the idea, and but one thing is essential. On the wall there is a niche placed so that the worshiper kneeling facing it, faces toward Mecca and the tomb of the prophet. This niche is called the Mihrab; the direction the worshiper faces is called his kiblah. Let the youth fasten to his Mihrab; get his kiblah and hold steady; lighted from the skies he shall win his coronation.

The blending of ideal, conviction with the passion for some destiny or pursuit makes possible the bridge-building and the crossing over. When the inner urge swings the soul toward the goal, let none trifle with that sacred command; he does it at his peril.

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Yielded to, it becomes invincible; that soul is undefeatable which keeps conscience, ideal, duty in full command and treads his narrow path with eyes fixed on the stars.

Daniel Webster trod such path until one fateful day when he compromised with wrong, and the history of our country records no more pitiful debacle than that of his famous twelfth of March speech. In contrast to that was the career of Wendell Phillips, who sacrificed his position, friends, honors, and became as the filth and offscouring of earth that he might blaze and flame the crime of slavery. Such was John Brown, called the madman, who blazed until they hung him, but he lighted four millions into freedom. Wendell Phillips, unconfused by the wrath which hurtled about his own head, said of Brown: "He has killed slavery," and Edmund Clarence Stedman, a bank clerk in New York city, wrote a poem appealing for Brown's life, declaring:

"For old Brown, Osawatomie Brown,
Will trouble you more when you've nailed his
coffin down."

Men following the gleam and attaching themselves to a worthy cause may be exiled, executed, cast out, and their bodies hung in

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gibbets, but their deeds and words still walk the earth and mold its life and institutions.

Build your life on the lines drawn from the stars. As the power in the coal is sunlight, released from its dark prison, so the radium of character will do the world's work and lift its burdens, and character is the product made in the inner laboratory of personality through the blending of outside forces with the inner devotion and attitude of the soul.

Men's hearts are failing them from fear and the institutions of civilization are crumbling. The burdens imposed upon the coming generation by the collapse of ancient institutions and the awful upheavals of the Great War are incomputable and bid fair to crush democracy and humanity itself. Our hope in this day is in youth, and it must be a youth brave, daring, devoted to high ideals and determined to end the agelong worship of power, consecrated to lifting up the pitiful old world. The appeal is to youth to take its bearing from the stars, to lay foundations anew which shall be corrected by the eternal verities.

Our burdens are incalculable; our strength is feebleness. Near the estuary of a great river a bridge was to be built over the site of an old one, and a caisson must be pulled from the river bed to make room for a new and

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greater. Engineers were brought and they planned how to draw it out. Great engines were placed on the bridge and mighty cables fastened; steam was up and they tugged and tugged, but in vain. Finally every device had been tried, but the old snag still stuck fast, resisting the puny forceps of man. Then came a silent man who looked at the caisson awhile, and then ordered some old flat scows brought and the caisson chained to them. It was done when the tide was out and they were made tight and fast. They asked him, "And what now?" "Nothing," he said, "only wait." By and by the tide began to flow up stream; gently and then with greater force it came. Then they saw his wisdom. Old Ocean's shoulder was under the flat-bottomed scows, and he lifted, lifted, lifted; and the caisson rose, and the work was done. Even so must youth, with the mighty inner power of its idealism and devotion, put its cosmic force under the burdens and impossibilities of our age and lift them up and bearing away the debris, build again the world, this time into righteousness and peace.

This manufacturing power of the soul which makes character, also in that process stores the personality with untold riches; not the transient wealth of banks and commerce, but

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of the soul. Here are treasures eternal, where
"moth cannot corrupt nor thieves break
through and steal."

And this does not contradict the Master's word, for when you locate heaven where is it but within? "The kingdom of God is within you." True royalty is of the soul and the story of the Turkish prince is but a rough physical illustration of a great spiritual truth. "My mind a kingdom is," and it may be stored with treasures so vast that Croesus is a pauper beside the humble man or woman whose spiritual riches of a noble soul, a loving heart, and a cultured mind will outlast the "wrecks of matter and the crash of worlds." Exploiters cannot despoil him, age cannot diminish his treasures, nor can eternity blot them out, for he takes them with him in the Great Adventure.

"O the night was dark and the night was late
And the robbers came to rob him;
And they picked the locks of his palace gate,
Seized his jewels and gems of state,
His coffers of gold and his priceless plate—
The robbers that came to rob him.

"But loud he laughed in the morning red!
For of what had the robbers robbed him?
Ho! hidden safe as he slept in bed
When the robbers came to rob him,

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They robbed him not of a golden shred
Of the radiant dreams of his wise old head—
'And they're welcome to all things else,' he said—
When the robbers came to rob him."

Paganini playing before the court at Lucca was bringing rare music from his violin when a string snapped in the middle of his aria. He scarce paused, and as his bow swept the strings another broke; and the third. The ill-bred courtiers laughed. The master tossed his black mane back with flashing eyes; "I will show them that the music is not in the violin but in Paganini," he cried. And it is recorded that none of them ever heard such music as that day he brought from the one string of his violin. It is possible so to store the soul with riches, so to blend the starlight and soul light with the prosaic duties, humble tasks of life, that the soul renders music beyond the power of angels to descant. The real music of life, the real riches of life, the real thrones of life are within the soul.

Not without reason does the mind of youth search the heights and dream of thrones and crowns and power. The soul is made for power and dominion, and it is only reaching after its birthright. The key to this is in those words of melody and power written to the seven churches in Asia to encourage them

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in their tribulation and arouse their powers of achievement. Here again is the romance of the stars. "I will give him the morning star." Perhaps best understood by another version of the same thought in the context, also addressed to "him that overcometh."

It is the tallest promise in the Bible; the loftiest thought ever flashed above the soul of toiling, struggling, sinning and repenting men. I have longed to preach upon this loftiest text in the Bible, but when I have essayed to grasp its content my arms have been too short, my strength too weak to grasp it. My imagination, often audacious and bold in flight, has in vain tried to scale this peak, but, having soared into the empyrean till exhausted, has still looked up to an inaccessible height, and fluttered, falling helpless at its feet. Hark!

"To him that overcometh"—to the toilers, women with needle-pierced fingers; men with toil-hardened hands; youths with tempted souls—the whole gamut is sounded there, every tempted, tried one! "To him that overcometh I will give"—; he cannot grasp it, wrest it from the hand of destiny; at last it is a gift; but the King's faith is pledged. Look up, now, send your mind in its highest flight, and yet you cannot reach it. "I will give to sit with me in my throne!" Authority

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itself vanishes; powers and principalities are beneath your feet; clothed with the power and glory of Divinity, far beyond the daring flight of that apostle who declared, "Ye shall judge angels," your destiny is swallowed up in a blaze of glory. The morning star fades, pales away; planets, suns, constellations grow dim; "with me in my throne." Hallelujah!

Life is a perpetual becoming. We are not here to do things, but to be made by the things that we do. Youth's dream of the stars bowing down is but a prophecy of what youth may become. One has said: "Wishes are but the presentiments of what we may become, prophecies of the capabilities which lie within us; harbingers of what we may perform." Follow as did the standard bearer in "Excelsior," and though your lifeless form be found wrapped in the ice of death, the voice will be heard falling from the stars. We may sing along our way, with Mary C. Lowe:

"So far, so far to the place of rest,
So far to the top of the hill,
But there's light at the top,
And I fare in my quest
As sure of my home
As a bird of its nest,
And I'll sing brave songs as I go, I will,
I'll sing as I go, I will."

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A business man and a poet, friends from youth and college days, were walking along the city street; they had been conversing of many things. The poet's eyes, ever resting upon things unseen, glowed with hidden fires as they talked of commerce, prosperity, and finally of the high things of the soul. At last the poet said, "John, did you ever see my garden?"

"No," said his friend, "I didn't know you had a garden."

So they walked along, passing into the less prosperous part of the city; then to a still older part, and by and by into narrow streets, and through a narrow alley. Here they entered a hallway and passed to the rear of tall buildings, where lay a tiny plot of ground in a courtyard. The business man looked up in some perplexity at a striking array of chimney pots on the roofs, ropes stretched across from windows with fluttering garments thereon; and then about him looking for the garden. Then his eyes fell upon a little plot on which the sun could look but a few short hours in the midday. There the poet had nursed some struggling plants and coaxed them into bloom, and the few flowers lifted their pale faces up toward the sky as if searching for their god, the sun.

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"Here," said the poet, "is my garden."

The business man was good at heart and friendly, but he was sorely puzzled. Just why his old friend should bring him through these lanes and old streets to show him this pathetic bed of flowers he could not understand, but he wanted to say something appropriate. He looked at them and said: "Yes, it's a garden, but not a very big one, is it?"

The poet lifted his eyes in which the fires glowed and replied: "It's true it's not very long, and it's not very wide, but, John"—and he looked upward—"it's wonderfully high."

Let us keep our eyes upon the Star of Bethlehem; our polestar, and hold steady our faltering steps toward the eternal goal.

I'd rather have an acre of earth and a township of sky than a township of earth and an acre of sky, wouldn't you?



